

The Nation.

March 5, 1990

EDI

JUNKED DREAMS

Junk in the Eighties was as good as gold. Hilarious with optimism and blinded by greed, the buccaneer bankers of Drexel Burnham Lambert created billions of dollars of credit for mergers, acquisitions and leveraged hocus-pocus by the sale of bonds whose value was ultimately guaranteed by no more than a promise and a prayer. When the going was good, the deal makers and the bondholders amassed fabulous fortunes. But there's a whiff of a slump in the air, and now the gold is turning back into junk.

Whatever else the Drexel saga may express, it is an almost perfect paradigm of its age. Its text is the fantasies and failures of the Reagan decade: the spurious boom, the speculative binge, corrupted enterprise, unexamined luxury. The consequences will be bailouts, pension losses, tax diversions, business declines, deindustrialization, unemployment, recession—and a bear market as big as the Ritz.

Drexel's bankruptcy will not by itself trigger all those dire events, of course, but it is emblematic of a crisis in the development of late capitalism that is largely denied by the economic cheerleaders who now hog the field of play. The extravagant deals that Drexel's fallen idol Michael Milken pioneered collected all the economic energy of the decade and diverted capital and attention from the crucial work of social and industrial reconstruction that no one yet has the will to begin.

Last year, after Milken's indictment and Drexel's admissions of fraud, young hotshot traders still with the firm started wearing T-shirts at their health clubs and watering holes with the Drexel Burnham Lambert logo on one side and the proud legend "Back to the Future" on the other. They thought they'd be princes of the Street again. Now all they've got is junk.

**PORTRAIT OF
AN OIL SPILL**
Robert Engler

**CAMPAIGNING
WITH THE
SANDINISTAS**
Larry Bensky

**TRIAGE IN
CALIFORNIA**
David L. Kirp

**A CHICANO
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Gratz

**LOVE AND
CODEPENDENCY**
Elayne Rapping

RETURN TO GUATEMALA

UNLIKE EAST EUROPE, FEAR WITHOUT HOPE

JULIO GODOY

December 9, 1989. Although it's only 8 P.M., the commercial heart of Guatemala City is somber and empty in the midst of Christmas-time. The season's traditional lights are absent this year. Cafes and restaurants close earlier than expected. Movie theaters cancel their 9 P.M. shows. Driven by the wind, old newspapers and the remains of fast-food packaging flutter around, crisscrossing the hurried steps of the few pedestrians who dare to venture out onto these otherwise desolate streets.

If the Guatemalan economic atmosphere is depressing, the political one is scarcely more encouraging. That same night, somewhere in the city, a young man was tortured. Most likely his screams weren't heard in the city's commercial area, far echoes lost in the spectral silence of dusk. Two days later, the Guatemalan press carried news of the crime: A university student who had just returned from exile had been assassinated by a paramilitary death squad—the twenty-fifth student executed in less than two years. His mutilated body was found four days after his disappearance. With his murder, the entire leadership of the University Students Association had been silenced.

Within weeks the death squads accounted for another three victims. The first, Jorge Vargas, second secretary at the Nicaraguan Embassy, was machine-gunned in front of the mission's building; the other two—Hector Oqueli, one of the most prominent opposition leaders of El Salvador, and Gilda

(Continued on Page 308)



EXCHANGE.

WHERE THERE'S SMOKE . . .

Washington

It is ironic that *The Nation* published Paul Rockwell's one-sided diatribe on the International Association of Fire Fighters ["Fighting the Fires of Racism," Dec. 11, 1989] just as our union's third annual civil rights conference in Denver was drawing to a close.

If Rockwell had followed normal journalistic practices and contacted the I.A.F.F., he would have been told about our union's efforts on civil rights and received an invitation to attend the conference as a member of the press. He would have gained a different perspective on the I.A.F.F.—one that was far more realistic and factual than the biased view he presented in *The Nation*.

It is obvious that the author wasn't going to let the facts get in the way of his vicious assault on the I.A.F.F. By contacting our union and attending the conference, Rockwell would have seen 225 I.A.F.F. conference delegates—two-thirds of them minorities—address civil rights issues and elect a standing I.A.F.F. civil rights committee. He would have received a copy of the new I.A.F.F. Civil Rights Manual. He also would have learned that there are a number of minority firefighters who are I.A.F.F. officers, including black members who attended the conference and also belong to the International Association of Black Professional Fire Fighters (I.A.B.P.F.F.).

Instead of seeking out both sides of the story, Rockwell relied on innuendo and allegations that reflect the opinions of nonunion individuals who criticize from afar the I.A.F.F.'s efforts to fight discrimination and refuse to join our union to work for change from within.

Although space limitations prevent me from responding to Rockwell's litany of disparaging allegations—and responses are warranted—I want to address briefly several of the more outrageous misrepresentations. One glaring inaccuracy involves the case of the black firefighters who were removed from the membership rolls of Miami Local 587 by the local's trial board in 1988. Despite Rockwell's assertions to the contrary, these black firefighters attempted to usurp the I.A.F.F. local's role as collective bargaining agent and bargain directly with the City of Miami. Pursuant to the constitution and bylaws of the I.A.F.F. and Local 587, the local held a trial. The black firefighters refused to appear before the trial board, at which time they were found guilty and expelled. Their ethnic background and the fact that they were I.A.B.P.F.F. members had nothing to do with the decision. Most A.F.L.-C.I.O. unions—including the Newspaper Guild, which represents employees of *The Nation*—have similar constitutional provisions to expel members who attempt to

circumvent their local affiliate's authority in collective bargaining matters.

In another instance, Rockwell ignores the traditional adversarial relationship between labor and management and attacks the I.A.F.F. for the actions of the Toledo fire chief, even though the chief, under Ohio law, cannot be a member of the I.A.F.F. Throughout his lengthy assault, Rockwell alludes to the I.A.F.F.'s hand in allegedly establishing discriminatory hiring practices in fire departments across the country. These assertions are absurd. Hiring practices are a management decision and our union has no power over such issues at the collective bargaining table. In many cases, the I.A.F.F. is precluded by law from injecting itself into fire department hiring practices.

The I.A.F.F. constitution and bylaws specifically prohibit any kind of discrimination based on race, color, creed, national origin, sex or handicap. This principle has been reinforced by numerous binding resolutions adopted over the years by I.A.F.F. convention delegates who constitute the supreme legislative, executive and judicial authority of our union. Every I.A.F.F. member—man or woman, black or white, Hispanic, Asian or Native American—has an equal right to enact change within our system. And changes for the better are occurring right now. But our union will not be stampeded or held hostage by those who look out for their own interests over the interests of our union and its members.

Rockwell put on journalistic blinders and joined forces with those who want to destroy our union rather than build on a great institution that has done so much to improve the working conditions, benefits, health and safety of professional firefighters since 1918. Rockwell and *The Nation* have done a disservice to the 177,000 I.A.F.F. members who risk their lives daily to protect lives and property. The next time Rockwell decides to write about the I.A.F.F., he should give us a call. We are proud of our efforts to safeguard the civil rights of all members of the International Association of Fire Fighters.

Alfred K. Whitehead, President
International Association of Fire Fighters

ROCKWELL REPLIES

Oakland, Calif.

Alfred Whitehead's claims are completely false. He says I did not solicit opinions or facts from the I.A.F.F. Not true. My published commentaries in the *Oakland Tribune* and the *Bay Guardian* include quotations from my interview with I.A.F.F. Local 55 president Steve Splendorio. The pile of I.A.F.F. documents and correspondence on my desk is huge. The Miami Local 587 "blackmail letter" threatening black members who are active in the I.A.B.P.F.F., White-

head's June 15 letter to union executives encouraging new challenges to affirmative action, and many other documents are quite damning. Whitehead is irked not because I overlooked salient facts but because I got access to too much information and exposed the racist assumptions of I.A.F.F. policy.

Regarding the expulsion of sixty-two African-American dues-paying members in Miami, Whitehead says that "the fact that they were I.A.B.P.F.F. members had nothing to do with the decision." He is wrong. His claim contradicts the April 13, 1989, letter of expulsion, signed by Don Teems, which states directly that black firefighters can "remain members . . . provided those members remain out of the I.A.B.P.F.F."

Whitehead claims I.A.F.F. leadership is not implicated in the notorious behavior of Toledo fire chief William Winkle (who just resigned). Winkle was a known white male supremacist who rose through I.A.F.F. ranks. How does Whitehead explain Winkle's role on the executive board of Local 92? The relationship between union and management may be adversarial in theory, but the Winkle story highlights the extent to which the I.A.F.F. enters into gentlemen's agreements with management to protect the old-boy network.

Contrary to Whitehead's claim, the grievances against I.A.F.F. leadership come from within the membership. Richard Logan and Bonnie Cox, quoted in the *Nation* article, are dedicated firefighters and active members in Local 55. Whitehead's attempt to marginalize minority union members reflects a backward attitude.

Regarding the I.A.F.F. civil rights conference, Whitehead fails to mention that rank-and-file firefighters picketed the 1987 and 1988 conferences. Why? Because the I.A.F.F. executive board excluded the I.A.B.P.F.F.—the largest, most respected civil rights organization in firefighting. While the December 1989 conference was taking place, I.A.F.F. leaders had the audacity to start a new anti-affirmative action lawsuit in Oakland. That week swastikas and Ku Klux Klan signs were scrawled on the meeting hall of the Oakland Black Fire Fighters Association. Civil rights meetings are welcome, and I believe the I.A.F.F. will eventually make progress, but only after the ugly I.A.F.F. crusade against affirmative action—a campaign that is generating racist violence—is called off.

American firefighters are a dedicated, courageous part of the American labor movement. However, the executive board attacks on equality and affirmative action undermine the unity of firefighters and working people everywhere.

Paul Rockwell

The Nation welcomes letters—typed, double spaced and no longer than 300 words, please.

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EDITORIALS.

End of the Line?

After reading, watching and hearing our nightly and daily commentators try to interpret the rush of events in Europe, Asia and Africa, we have concluded that the United States has a pundit surplus and a wisdom shortage.

Which daily columnist or nightly anchor do you trust to tell you what's really going on in Lithuania, Romania, Poland, China, South Africa? What does it mean to have a market economy under socialism? Is peace really possible

without human rights? What mix of ancient history and modern technoculture impelled millions of souls to mass in Tiananmen Square? What can Americans do to unleash the popular forces of change in their country?

To address such questions requires not an Evans and Novak or a Brokaw or Jennings but the socioeconomic profundity of a Gunnar Myrdal, the historical vision of an E.P. Thompson, the global political perspective of a Noam Chomsky, the moral insights of a Boris Pasternak, the street sociology of a Studs Terkel.

It is, as they say, no accident that this roster of creative intellectuals has something in common beyond their high seri-

ousness: They were all published in this country by Pantheon Books, the small, unique trade house founded by Helen and Kurt Wolff in 1942 and, since 1961, a subsidiary of Random House. Under the managing directorship of André Schiffrin, Pantheon is almost alone among American publishers in its dedication to providing books with the consistently high intellectual quality of a top-notch university press, the accessibility to the general reader of a trade house and an activist political and cultural perspective. Without being trendy, its books have relevance. Sexual revolution? Read Pantheon authors Michel Foucault and Juliet Mitchell. Crisis in race relations? *Vide* Herbert Gutman.

So we listen with alarm to the increasing rumors that Random House's new management intends to cut back or even eliminate a unique subsidiary. Back in 1899, when the venerable firm of Harper & Brothers was tottering into bankruptcy, none other than J. P. Morgan came to the rescue, saying that the loss of such a house would be "a national calamity." Surely the entrepreneurial minds now in charge of Random House can find a way to keep Pantheon in business.

Whenever a megapublisher swallows up an independent press, assurances are issued that the financial resources and marketing clout of the parent will enable the subsidiary to engage in bold experiments, to pay higher advances, to promote books to the fullest. So it was when Newhouse Publications acquired Random House from RCA in 1980. The managements of both companies vowed that nothing would change and that the merger would provide "financial stability and editorial integrity." The fate of Pantheon is a test case of those promises, and people inside and outside publishing should be watching for the outcome with anxiety.

As the clergyman and historian Thomas Fuller observed nearly four centuries ago, "Learning hath gained most by those books by which the printers have lost." Publishing is indeed a business, but surely the bottom line can't be the end of the story.

Terror Network

Since last November's F.M.L.N. offensive and the murder by Salvadoran soldiers of six Jesuit priests, their cook and her daughter, the long-frozen impasse over U.S. aid to El Salvador has begun to crack. On February 8 Gen. Maxwell Thurman, head of the U.S. Southern Command, told Congress that the rebels could never be defeated on the battlefield; the same day, Democratic Senator Christopher Dodd introduced a bill that would make future military aid conditional on U.N.-mediated peace talks. Together, these two developments have vindicated the thinking behind the November offensive. As the rebels sought to prove, only a negotiated settlement can end the war.

The altered climate in Washington makes it possible to take a fresh look at how the Salvadoran military and its allies really function. One aspect that cries out for attention is their close collaboration with death squads in Guatemala.

Last September Guatemalan President Vinicio Cerezo made the extraordinary accusation that Roberto D'Aubuisson and other Salvadoran ultrarightists were sending explosives and hand grenades to their counterparts in Guatemala. Cerezo said these had been used in the bombings of two human rights groups in Guatemala City in August.

An elected U.S. ally accuses a political leader in a neighboring country of cross-border terrorism: On the face of it, it's odd that there was no hue and cry in Washington, since the story might have been a useful way of backing up the official line, shared by Dodd, that honest civilians like Cerezo and El Salvador's Alfredo Cristiani have to be bolstered against the freelance terror of the far right. But the incident passed unnoticed, surfacing only in two stories in November by Ana Arana and John McClintock of *The Baltimore Sun*. By that time the press pack had descended on San Salvador to cover the F.M.L.N. offensive. (Journalists in any case tend to regard Guatemala as either too marginal or too scary to spend much time in.)

Then in January the other shoe dropped. Hector Oqueli, a leading Salvadoran Social Democrat, disappeared in Guatemala City together with a companion, the Guatemalan Social Democrat Gilda Flores. Their bodies were found the next day; they had been shot. Oqueli had been on his way to serve as an election observer in Managua. This time the press had less of an excuse for neglecting the story, yet only the *Los Angeles Times's* excellent Marjorie Miller gave a thorough account of the killings.

Now, a closer look at the two episodes. Perhaps one reason there was so little reaction to Cerezo's charges was that they smelled so phony. It's hard to escape the sense that short-term political tactics were at work here. Cerezo's enfeebled Christian Democrats face elections in November, with no guarantee that his anointed successor will win. The accusation of a right-wing terrorist plot benefits Cerezo in two ways: It portrays him as the beleaguered victim of sinister forces that he accuses of creating a "violent, lawless atmosphere leading to the election of a strongman," and it deflects attention from those who are actually responsible for the unchecked violence that has plagued Guatemala during Cerezo's four years in office—the armed forces, of which he is ostensibly Commander in Chief.

Cerezo's Defense Minister, Gen. Hector Gramajo, says the charges against D'Aubuisson were based on wiretaps by military intelligence, or G-2, of conversations between Salvadoran and Guatemalan rightists. This is where the credibility of the story really wears thin, for G-2 has always been one of the main hubs of death squad activity, and Guatemala's military intelligence has worked hand in glove with its Salvadoran counterpart (of which D'Aubuisson is a prominent product) ever since the United States prompted them to do so in the early 1960s. That was some years before the growth of a second level of familial intimacy, in which ultrarightist Guatemalans acted as the godfathers in the transformation of D'Aubuisson's Arena from a paramilitary band into a modern political party.

The immediate background to the Oqueli-Flores murders, meanwhile, is immensely suggestive. On January 10 two top

F.M.L.N. leaders, Ana Guadalupe Martínez and Roberto Cañas, arrived at Guatemala City's La Aurora airport for a secret meeting with Senator Dodd. After they left, their car was tailed to the European embassy where they spent the night. The embassy soon began to receive threatening phone calls. Early the following morning, Martínez and Cañas flew out; Oqueli flew in. Next day, as they drove back out to the airport, he and Flores were abducted and killed. Message to Salvadoran leftists (and, perhaps, to Dodd): Stay the hell out of Guatemala.

The murders have all the hallmarks of a classic military operation. For years, Salvadoran and Guatemalan G-2 have kept track of the travel plans, flight numbers and visa arrangements of "subversives," and airports figure large in the sordid history of death squad killings. The four American churchwomen killed in El Salvador in 1980 were picked up after two of them arrived on a flight from Managua; Guatemala's G-2 killed schoolteacher Beatriz Barrios as she prepared to fly into exile in 1985.

Fringe elements with a few hand grenades are not the issue, and they never have been. The real Central American killing machine operates freely across national borders; it is based on an intricate web of relationships that involve the highest levels of the armed forces; it is vastly experienced and technologically efficient, and it was set up in the first place because the United States wanted it to be. That is the real shame of the latest killings in Guatemala and El Salvador, but it is a scandal which Washington—even now, when policies may be changing—will never find it palatable to pursue.

GEORGE BLACK

Doherty Waits

It's been nearly seven years since a dozen F.B.I. agents slipped into Clancy's Bar on Third Avenue in Manhattan and seized bartender Joseph Patrick Doherty, the Irish rebel, on an immigration warrant.

On January 19 the case was argued before a three-judge federal appeals panel in New York City. Doherty's attorney, Mary Boresz Pike, maintains that a writ signed by then-Attorney General Edwin Meese 3d in June 1988 ordering that Doherty be "deported" to Britain is, in reality, a disguised extradition, which should be overturned because a federal court had earlier rejected Britain's extradition request. In addition Pike is arguing that a ruling by Attorney General Dick Thornburgh denying Doherty a hearing for his political asylum request should also be overturned.

To U.S. Attorneys acting on behalf of Britain, Doherty is a "terrorist" wanted for murder for his role in killing a British Army captain in an ambush of I.R.A. members in Belfast in May 1980. To a growing number of immigration and civil rights activists, Doherty's continued detention here after seven separate victories in courtroom proceedings transforms the case into one of the more flagrant human rights violations of the Reagan/Bush era. With each court appearance, the stakes are raised for Doherty. If he loses this decision and the Supreme Court refuses to hear an ap-

peal, he could quickly be handed over to British authorities in Belfast, where in 1981 a non-jury tribunal sentenced him in absentia to life imprisonment. "Basically, [the U.S. Attorneys] are seeking to serve a foreign government at the expense of an individual's rights," said former U.S. Attorney General Ramsey Clark. "It would be hard to find a more persistent effort by the government to evade the law."

Doherty won the first of many court victories in December 1984, when Judge John Sprizzo denied Britain's extradition request. Judge Sprizzo wrote in his ruling, "The facts of this case present the assertion of the political offense exception in its most classic form." (At the time, the extradition treaty between the United States and Britain applied only to common criminals and contained an exemption for political offenses.) Two subsequent efforts by the U.S. government to overturn this ruling were denied.

Since he was picked up, Doherty has been confined to a nine-by-nine-foot cell in the Metropolitan Correctional Center in Manhattan. The prison is a maximum security, short-term holding jail for prisoners awaiting trial, and the 35-year-old Irishman is denied most of the normal recreational facilities of long-term prisoners.

A key point in Doherty's case is that he should be allowed to reapply for political asylum. He applied for asylum in June 1983, but withdrew his application in September 1986 with the hope of a speedy exit to the Republic of Ireland, which at that time had no extradition treaty with Britain. (Because he was born in Northern Ireland, Doherty is entitled to dual citizenship in the United Kingdom and the Republic of Ireland.) The immigration court had actually approved the transfer but the U.S. government stalled in carrying out the order. When the Republic of Ireland signed an extradition treaty with Britain, Doherty reapplied for political asylum in the United States. Last year the Board of Immigration Appeals approved his petition for a new hearing, but in June Thornburgh intervened, insisting that Doherty had waived his rights to political asylum.

The American Immigration Lawyers Association argues strenuously against the Thornburgh interpretation. "From the beginning . . . there has been no dispute about Doherty's fear of persecution at the hands of the British security agents," states the A.I.L.A. The association notes that Doherty fought extradition for three years and then "withdrew his asylum application only because he anticipated deportation to Ireland. And he sought to re-apply for asylum just two days after Ireland implemented an extradition act which guaranteed that his deportation to Ireland would result in his de facto deportation to the United Kingdom."

"It's a waiting game," commented Doherty in a recent interview at the Metropolitan Correctional Center. He has no regrets about his days in Belfast as the local leader of a Provisional Irish Republican Army cell. He regards the killing of British Army Capt. Herbert Westmacott in the gun battle in Belfast as an act of war.

He hopes for an end to the violence in his embattled homeland, where more than 2,700 people have died in twenty years. "It's like two boxers that have been in the ring for

twenty rounds," he says. "Each boxer knows that the other boxer is not going to go down. It's up to one boxer to put down his fists and take a step back and then the other boxer must make a spontaneous, reciprocal action and put down his fists."

Meanwhile Doherty looks to the day in the far distant future when he can go back to Ireland, perhaps as a social

worker or a local political leader, and help heal a community. "At the end of the day, I want to go home. Back to my family. Back to my community. I'm an Irishman. And I have a ton of making up to do."

KEITH J. KELLY

Keith J. Kelly, the New York bureau chief of Magazine Week, has published more than fifty articles on Irish affairs.

UNCIVIL LIBERTIES.

CALVIN TRILLIN

In all the excitement over the changes in Eastern Europe, I didn't pay much attention to the commentators who warned that ending the grim stability of the cold war could make the world dangerously unpredictable. Then Mikhail Gorbachev appeared on the cover of *Vanity Fair*. That one stopped me. Before all of this turmoil, you could count on the cover of *Vanity Fair* for straight celebrity flash: Daryl Hannah, for instance, or Kevin Costner or Bruce Willis or Jessica Lange or, it almost goes without saying, Michael Jackson. What does it mean now that we see Mikhail Gorbachev's picture there instead? It means that the world has been made dangerously unpredictable, that's what it means.



It's not that *Vanity Fair* has never had a political figure on the cover. I specifically remember a cover picture of Princess Di a year or so ago. (Di looked great.) Also, Ronald and Nancy Reagan were on the cover when they left the White House, but in a celebrity shot whose credits included not just the name of the photographer but also the dress designer, the hairdresser and the makeup man. (Ron and Nancy both looked great—although precisely why remains unclear, since the credits did not go into the details of who worked on whom.)

But Gorbachev! On the cover of a magazine whose previous notion of an appropriate European cover subject was Claus von Bülow! I flipped open the *Vanity Fair* with Gorbachev's picture on the cover and looked at the credit line. I don't know what I hoped to find. I didn't really expect to see a credit for makeup or hair; the cover picture of Gorbachev showed him getting by with his usual lack of both. I guess I was hoping that I might at least see a credit for clothes design ("trademark bulky blue overcoat by Konstantin Plosyetnikov"). I guess I was looking for some stability in a world that had suddenly seemed unpredictable. The credit line mentioned only the photographer. Was it my imagination or was the ground beginning to feel unsteady under my feet?

"You're overreacting," my wife said. "*Vanity Fair* doesn't always have movie stars on the cover. You yourself mentioned that they sometimes have puff cover stories on designers who are in a position to buy a lot of advertising pages."

That's true. I had, in fact, mentioned that *Vanity Fair* ran almost identical covers on Calvin Klein and his wife ("Part-

ners in Style") and Ralph Lauren and his wife ("Pardners in Style"). But what was so reassuring about the possibility that *Vanity Fair* sees Gorbachev as a hot advertising prospect? What could he be intending to advertise?

"I don't like it," I said to my wife. "I don't like tinkering with the natural order of things."

"It's not tinkering with the natural order of things," my wife said. "Eastern Europe is now a perfectly fashionable subject, and it's perfectly natural for fashion magazines to write about it."

I know she was just trying to reassure me, but it made the world seem even more unpredictable. Over the years I've become accustomed to the idea that if I want to see what rich people's summer houses look like, I can just pick up a copy of *House & Garden*. "Get a load of those curtains!" I can say to my wife. "I'll bet those suckers cost a bundle. Whooee!" That's the natural order of things.

I'm not ready to see a *House & Garden* spread on Lech Walesa's apartment in Gdansk ("sort of elegant simplicity is what we're looking for," the Walesas told trendy Kharkov interior decorator Stanislaw Kizchowski, when embarking on the first redecoration since Kizchowski presided over some renovations made necessary in 1981 by the damage inflicted during a secret-police raid").

I'm not ready for a cover of *GQ* that features one of the East German church leaders who faced down the Communists in Leipzig. I don't want to pick up *Vogue* and read what people in Bucharest are wearing to the trials of former members of the Securitate.

While I was stewing over this, my wife said she had an errand to do. When she returned, she said that she had been at the newsstand. "Jack Nicholson is on the cover of *GQ*," she said. "Just like he always is."

I looked at her suspiciously. "How about *House & Garden*?" I asked.

"A feature on the rose as 'the flower of the moment,'" she said.

"*Town & Country*?"

"Alison Eastwood," my wife said.

"Alison Eastwood?" I said. "Is that a Bulgarian name?"

"She's Clint Eastwood's daughter," my wife said.

I could feel myself relaxing.

"Are you O.K.?" my wife asked.

I nodded. Clint Eastwood's daughter was on the cover of *Town & Country*. All was right with the world.

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MINORITY REPORT.

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

In a Spanish restaurant in Washington a few nights back, I saw Bosco Matamoros. I didn't recognize him instantly, which just goes to show how postmodernism has eroded the synapses. There was a time, and not at all long ago, when Bosco was envoy of the *contras*, with his own quasi embassy on Calvert Street and his own pseudodiplomatic relationship with the Foggy Bottom careerists. People with names like Robelo and Calero were being received and embraced in the Oval Office in those days. (It was to the side of one such photo-op frame that we got our first solid glimpse of Oliver North at ease with his President.) Support for the violent overthrow of the Sandinista government was almost a loyalty test for good Americans.

Señor Matamoros did little enough, when I hailed him, to recapture that lost and mystic moment. He was one pissed-off man. Calvert Street is all gone of course; various receivers and creditors are fighting over the green screens and fax machines. I should hate to be Calero or Robelo, calling an old State Department pal from some EconoLodge in Arlington and being told that this was turning into a bitch of a week but let's have your room number and try for Friday. Foggy Bottom still puts out the occasional lackluster briefing about Sandinista tyranny, but it hasn't been able to decide whether the Nicaraguans are, or are not, having an election. Matamoros thinks they are. "No election in Latin America is exactly fair," he said, "but this one will be fair enough." And will the divine Doña Violeta carry the day? "I tell the Americans but they do not listen. I tell them that they can elect Violeta Chamorro to the United States Congress any day, but not as president of my country."

Matamoros goes on to say that *The Nation* should look into the funds that were donated by William Casey's widow, Sophia, for the ostensible purpose of helping out injured *contras*. He had a shrewd suspicion that the dough had gone astray. I thought about doing a fearless "follow the money" probe, but then thought—naah. We already know that the whole enterprise was rotten and cheap. What interests me is that one of its leaders is telling me, as he did, unprompted, "Don't trust the Americans—they have no talent for empire." After Matamoros said that, I asked him if he felt like a Kurd. He looked a bit blank.

Yet the brave Kurdish guerrillas who took C.I.A. money in the mid-1970s, believing that they were in a temporary alliance with the Shah of Iran against the Iraqi foe, were the analogue of the *contras*. As soon as the Shah's volatile temperament changed, the Kurds were dumped and left to face the Saddam Hussein regime unprotected. In this respect, they ought to have learned from the Meo and Hmong tribesmen (the American empire followed the British pattern in its adoration of the fiercely loyal *indigène*), who had been seduced into drug dependency as a political method and then left to circulate in the breeze.

The Reagan doctrine, once so fiercely promulgated, now looks like the pathetic remnant of an era of opportunism.

Afghan mujahedeen are opening one another's veins and faking stunts for the few camera crews still willing to make the trip. Who is Savimbi, and what is his tribal rabble, when put against the figure of Mandela or the victory of Swapo in the Namibian elections? At least Unita and the Afghans had some regional, ethnic or religious base. But the *contras*, who got the most aid precisely because they were the most invented and artificial of Reagan and Bush's surrogates, remind me of the comparison between the British Liberal Party and the mule ("neither pride in paternity nor hope of posterity").

There is a persistent, stupid argument about the present wave of human and political emancipation coursing through the Communist world, to the effect that it represents the paternity and posterity of the Reagan doctrine. If that were true, one would expect to see the *contras* and Unita and the Afghan fundamentalists—the only admitted and claimed descendants of a doctrine that can hardly boast of having invented Vaclav Havel—doing very well. Yet the diametrical opposite is the case. The only Reagan-doctrine force that still retains any battlefield credibility, or any coherent reputation of any kind, is the Khmer Rouge. For various reasons, this army and its parentage (which is the Beijing of pure Stalinism) fail to arouse many hurrahs among the Reagan doctrinaires, at least when they speak in public.

If you wish to pile irony upon contradiction, you can point to the longest guerrilla struggle in Africa, waged against one of the most abysmal regimes, and stress the authenticity of the Eritreans versus the horror of the Ethiopian Stalinists. Yet here you would find the State Department silent, as it also was when Ethiopia was ruled by Haile Selassie, because the "special relationship" between Israel and Addis Ababa takes precedence. Arab nationalism has historically sympathized with the Eritreans, who in any case have a stubborn socialist culture, so their long battle for self-determination against Mengistu is not so much disregarded by Washington as actually opposed by it and by its favorite ally in the fighting of low-intensity war.

Was I repressing a twinge of pity for Señor Matamoros? Not at all. A chance meeting in a neighborhood joint helped to place him in a long and pathetic tradition. Even if he is mistaken about the probable result of the Nicaraguan elections, he is right about the compromise the counterrevolutionary forces already have made. A political fluke, or a wave of generalized discontent, might bring them to power by the ballot box. But they actually would be creatures from their first day in office, condemned to the stupid re-enactment of dependency and toadying. The Sandinistas have nothing in particular to fear from such an outcome, unless they think that history has come to a terminus, which it hasn't. Better a setback of that kind than to become what Sandino himself used to call a *vendepatria*—a seller of the country—and to have been so careless about who was buying, and at what price.

ARTICLES.

■ HOW THE SYSTEM FAILS

Portrait of an Oil Spill

ROBERT ENGLER

The January oil spill in the New York-New Jersey Harbor offers an instructive addendum to the lessons of the Exxon Valdez tanker disaster in Prince William Sound last March. Pristine is not the description that comes to mind for the setting of this recent spill. Industrial debris has converted the harbor, its magnificent setting notwithstanding, into an open sewer. The metropolitan region does not produce oil or derive so substantial a portion of personal and state income directly from energy that it can be viewed as an energy colony, as can Alaska. But the bubbling up of No. 2 heating oil from a ruptured Exxon pipeline is a painful reminder of the area's own dependency and of its innocence about the public regulation of private power.

On January 1 and 2 some 567,000 gallons escaped from the 6.7-mile pipeline connecting Exxon's Bayway refinery in Linden to its terminal in Bayonne, New Jersey. The spill, still under investigation by the company and the states of New Jersey and New York, was traced to a gash in the 12-inch line where it crosses Arthur Kill, a navigable waterway separating Staten Island from New Jersey. A leak detection system that had been malfunctioning for twelve years (although Exxon at first conceded this had been happening for only one year) failed to alert company operators to shut down the pipeline immediately. A history of false alarms—the mechanism was overly sensitive to pressure changes because of a defective switch, it was explained—had conditioned those at the controls to ignore this “habit of crying wolf.” They would reopen manually the valves that had shut off automatically. It was as if Exxon wouldn't believe there could be a leak. There is an uncomfortable parallel to the Alaskan spill, where companies and regulators behaved as if tankers could not run aground.

Some of the oil was recovered and some evaporated. But a considerable amount permeated the shoreline and coastal wetlands, which are hospitable to fish and birds on the Atlantic flyway. Separate hearings by environmental quality committees of the New York City Council and New Jersey State Legislature offered disturbing, if not surprising, glimpses of how far industry perspectives have permeated public policies and rendered monitoring ineffectual.

No plant managers or on-the-scene workers testified at

these hearings. The main witness and only Exxon representative at both hearings was Edward DiCorcia, vice president for refining, who had come up from Texas. He declared his deepest affection for New York and expressed remorse over what he carefully referred to as an accident. An apparently constant lover, he offered no such valentine to the New Jersey legislative session (where his suit jacket, correct for courting public opinion, was replaced by a windbreaker, perhaps to suggest that he had just come from the refinery). But once more he emphasized how regrettable the incident was. He reminded the politicians and press that Exxon had been a good corporate citizen for more than a hundred years and that 6,000 employees and their families lived in the Garden State. When asked to explain the twelve-year malfunction, he suggested that mechanical problems are a fact of life. All systems have flaws that have to be debugged, even the new one slated to replace the present troublemaker. Perfection is beyond earthly reach, he concluded.

As for the specific failings in the existing pipeline that were so bothersome to the more prosaic and impatient lawmakers, DiCorcia said that so much information was generated by modern technology that one could not reasonably expect top management to be aware of everything. Houston now seemed very far away from Bayonne. Reported glitches in a 6.7-mile pipeline had not seemed critical or worthy of high priority for an office governing the five domestic refineries of a global empire.

This stance prompted one astute assemblyman to speculate as to whether this response was an example of the doctrine of “corporate deniability,” wherein leadership disclaims any knowledge relating to specific activities that might pinpoint accountability and invite legal action. Pending grand jury inquiries and threats by the attorneys general of the two states to pursue the matter of liability may explain why no employees with firsthand experience of the spill were available at these hearings.

The vice president congratulated his own company for “a reasonably good job in the cleanup” of the waterways. (No one else present was inclined to offer similar kudos, save the spokesman from the Coast Guard and the manager of Clean Harbors, a “cooperative” supported by oil companies that maintains standby equipment for responding to such emergencies.) He assured the public officials that Exxon would take full responsibility and would follow the law that required it to provide an alternative birding site if the present ones remained contaminated. Given the despoliation of Alaskan waterways by Exxon and of many other areas of the earth by energy “development,” one wonders if the nation's largest oil company is suggesting that the industry ultimately may have to offer another planet for wildlife and humanity. DiCorcia concluded that the whole incident was a good learning experience for Exxon.

In the face of this corporate centenarian's continued eagerness to grow, it is pertinent to ask what has been learned and has yet to be learned by the public and its representatives. The view that the spill was an accident generally

Robert Engler is the author of The Politics of Oil and The Brotherhood of Oil (both from University of Chicago Press) and of “Technology Out of Control” (The Nation, April 27, 1985). He is now working on a study of Alaskan development.

prevailed at the hearings, although one legislator insisted otherwise: The company had gambled by ignoring the warning system, and the environment was the ultimate loser. Often questions were sharp, but they were surprisingly apolitical. One wished for a more finely honed sense of the history of relations between Big Oil and government. Much of the emphasis was on insuring that Exxon pay the full cost of the damage to the environment. Some legislators recognized that if these payments emerged as normal business expenses, then the bill ultimately would be passed along twice, once as higher prices to the consumer and the second time as tax deductions, with the burden shifted to other taxpayers.

There were repeated references to "loopholes" in the regulatory maze. Transporting less than 350,000 barrels an hour exempted the pipeline from federal safety inspections. And because it crosses briefly into New York from New Jersey, it is classified as interstate. Thus both states have been precluded from filling this convenient jurisdictional gap with adequate standards and regular inspections.

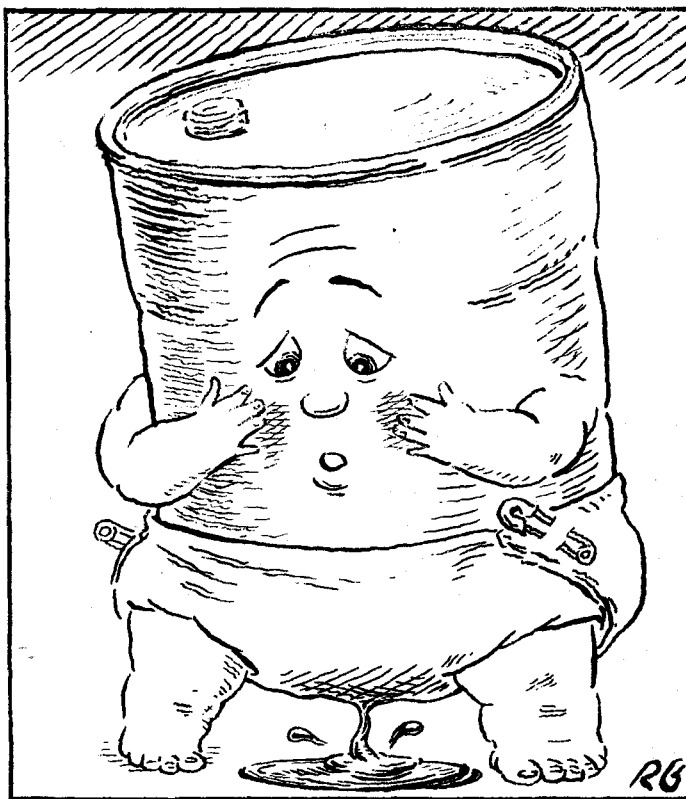
No attention was paid at the hearings to the strenuous political efforts of the energy (including nuclear) industry to get government off its back through regulatory and environmental budget cuts and the staffing of public agencies with sympathetic personnel. The industry has insisted on its ability to police itself. (One is reminded of the head of emergency preparedness for New York City, who, when asked what provisions were in place should the Indian Point nuclear power plant just north of the city share the fate of the Three Mile Island installation in Pennsylvania, explained that there was an arrangement whereby the city's utility company would phone his office.) As recent reports of the General Accounting Office have noted, among oil companies there is a high degree of noncompliance with existing safety and spill regulations. At the same time the companies and their allies have pushed for national legislation that would preempt this regulatory field. With states and localities constrained from enacting more stringent enforcement measures, citizen groups, often most effective at the community level, are frustrated in their attempts to block energy sites and practices favored by the corporations. To the corporate planners such resistance is parochial and indicates an emotional misunderstanding of the larger national interest.

The Coast Guard, which has significant responsibility for the supervision of spills and contingency planning, was treated quite deferentially by the legislators, although its record in Alaska and elsewhere suggests an extraordinary deference on its part to the information and judgment of the oil industry. Environmental agencies did not have accurate figures or maps as to the location, condition and products of pipelines in the New York-New Jersey Harbor and elsewhere. The data that existed were so fragmentary that the companies and the Coast Guard seemed unaware of wildlife and sanctuary patterns. At first the company employees pushed the oil spill onto the marshes, contributing to the killing of hundreds of birds.

The numerous environmentalists who attended these hearings were generally indignant about the failures of environmental regulation and alert to the need to hold private

corporations and public agencies alike ecologically accountable. One particularly valuable proposal by a coalition of trade unionists and environmentalists in New Jersey calls for citizens, communities and workers to be legally empowered to participate in the identification and elimination of hazards in the environment and the workplace. The wisdom of such involvement was underscored by the informal testimony at the New Jersey hearing of two men with hands-on experience in the oil industry. A retired Exxon laboratory technician cut through an endless discussion about the problem of locating the specific source of the leak by suggesting that a proper chemical test could have taken a "fingerprint" of the spilled oil and made the determination in five minutes instead of wasting precious hours and resources speculating whose oil it was and from where it was seeping. An oil-terminal worker said that his fellow workers view the industry's Clean Harbors as a joke, describing it as a paper organization with no employees, relying upon contractors for personnel. Some spill equipment was available in the harbor but it was inadequate for a major spill of this dimension. And little was ready to be moved immediately, even though it is the first hours of a spill that are most critical in gaining effective control of the cleanup. As for the "big deal" of deciding visually or technologically how much oil was missing from the system, he said that the use of a physical gauge for checking the contents of the tanks would have provided a quick answer—and a simple phone call would have relayed this information in time to be useful.

Given the network of tankers, terminals, pipelines, petrochemical and plastic plants, refineries and storage tanks that ring New York Harbor and provide the lifeline for the economy of the region, the witness who asked if people were waiting for a Bhopal in their own backyards did not sound



ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROBERT GROSSMAN

melodramatic. Anyone familiar with these installations knows how dangerous the workplace is and how fires, explosions, oil and chemical spills, and injuries are "normal" to such operations and often unreported. Many have firsthand evidence of industrial policies and practices that cause illness and contamination of waterways, land and air. In important respects these hazards are not that different from those of nuclear power plants, which have attracted more widespread public concern. The different levels of concern are akin to the all-too-facile distinctions sometimes made between so-called conventional weapons and nuclear arms.

The recent New York Harbor spill, like the one in Alaska, exposed critical shortcomings in the energy delivery system. It also demonstrated the unsophisticated nature of cleanup technologies, which almost seem to be an afterthought. In Alaska, for example, the industry views with pride its electronically controlled production of oil on the North Slope and the oil's transfer through an 800-mile pipeline to tankers at Valdez. By contrast, much of the shore cleanup in Prince William Sound, which employed hundreds of young people wiping oil-soaked rocks with absorbent pads, was like a scene from a mental institution. The metropolitan area spill was easier to deal with, but again there was a narrow appreciation of the ecosystem and heavy dependence on rather primitive booms and skimmers for containing and removing the oil.

These spills also point to a failure of the regulatory system. Public oversight of private energy operations is piecemeal. Supervision by public agencies of private preventive efforts and contingency planning for spills and accidents is limited and inadequate. Apparently only the New York City Fire Department checked on the offending pipe—and then not where it was submerged. On February 8, New York City brought suit against Exxon, charging that the quarterly reports affirming the safety and reliability of the leak detection system that the company filed with the Fire Department were fraudulent. "We were naïve in that we accepted these reports at face value," the new fire commissioner conceded. Once more, government regulation has failed to penetrate the "corporate veil."

Not surprisingly, Exxon prefers to deal with individual complaints rather than collective actions, and has made public a phone number "if a person wishes to talk to Exxon about his or her claim." The company expressed disappointment when the City of Elizabeth, New Jersey, pursued in court the allegation of substantial harm to its waterfront. Responding, the longtime Mayor compared the "blatant arrogance" of the company with the solicitude it showed in 1971 after the widespread devastation caused by the Bayway refinery explosion. "They don't have the slightest idea of how they violated the people in this area."

Those now considering how best to employ any forthcoming peace dividend might include a review of energy installations throughout the nation and the development of appropriate measures for making and keeping them safe and healthy for their workers, their communities and the natural environment. Such public planning will require a challenge to the sanctity of private profit and to the political power and

general mystification of technology that protect the energy industry from public accountability. While these measures by themselves would not end the mindless consumption of energy that the industry has furthered, they could be productive steps toward genuine national security. □

■ 'EVERYTHING WILL BE BETTER'?

Campaigning With The Sandinistas

LARRY BENSKY

Managua

Nicaragua lives in suspended animation, at least the part of it that can animate at all in February's humid torpor. There's a sense that the nation is poised on the edge, and that the near future will bring either complete collapse or an exhilaration almost equal to that of 1979, when the forty-three-year Somoza family dynasty was overthrown by many of the same Sandinista militants still in power today.

Signs of the country's near-desperate economic situation are everywhere. In the poorer neighborhoods, shoeless, undernourished children beg from strangers or listlessly peddle goods for pennies. In the big markets currency speculators surface whenever, as now, the government tries to hold back further devaluation of the cordoba in order to rein in inflation, which is now "down" to 1,700 percent.

Basic products like cooking oil tend to disappear from state-subsidized neighborhood vendors only to reappear at ten times the price in the bigger stores. The middle class is squeezed too. Restaurants close early for lack of clients. To stay at home, however, is not necessarily comfortable; electricity outages occur frequently, for minutes or hours. And Managua's once abundant (and still good to drink) water supply cannot handle the city's greatly increased population, swollen with economic and war refugees. So the water is turned off from dawn to late at night two or more days a week.

If there's a sense of anticipation here, very little of it has to do with the election. Nicaragua has reached a state of near ruination, yet the government is almost sure to be re-elected. There are several simple explanations for this seemingly anomalous situation.

First, the Sandinistas have no credible opposition. The National Opposition Union (UNO) coalition doesn't begin to satisfy the need that many Nicaraguans feel for an alternative [see Tony Jenkins, "The Unmaking of Doña Violeta," February 26]. Even less so do the eight other candidates, most of them from tiny parties with no perceptible constituency and no chance of winning.

Equally important is the fact that lots of people agree

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with the Sandinistas' principal argument — that the country's economic problems are not the government's fault but are largely a result of U.S.-instigated aggression by the *contras*. They agree, too, that the Sandinistas deserve re-election because it is they who led the fight that has resulted in the *contras*' defeat, if not disappearance. Now, for the first time, the government has a chance to show what it can do in peacetime. Just as important, many voters say they fear what the Sandinistas would do if defeated. With their control of the military, the police and the labor movement, they could destabilize a much stronger government than the opposition has been able to propose.

And then, there's "Daniel." He's everywhere, not just as a totemic first name on billboards, posters, T-shirts, baseball caps and the ubiquitous red and black bandannas but literally everywhere, crisscrossing the country. President Ortega enters small towns on horseback, leading hundreds of local *caballeros* in a televised charge. Or he cruises urban barrios, waving solemnly from a white jeep while loudspeakers blare his catchy reggae, salsa and rap campaign tunes.

When Ortega climbs off his horse, or out of his jeep, he's an even more imposing presence. In 1979 he appeared to be a frail young man, somewhat shy, used to hiding his emotions after eight years in Somoza's prisons and three more in dangerous combat. Now, like his fellow revolutionaries, he's grown up, and at the age of 44, strides the stage from side to side like a revival preacher, building cadences and holding audience attention no matter how oppressive the heat and dust.

Slowly and idiomatically he tells rural crowds that they've really never had it so good: agrarian reform, health care, education, roads, electrification. Urban audiences, meanwhile, are encouraged to learn and be proud of Nicaraguan history, from Augusto César Sandino's uprising in the 1920s; to the long struggle to overthrow the Somozas and their brutal National Guard, followed by the *Guardia*'s transformation into the *contras*; to near triumph, at a terrible cost in dead, wounded and economic devastation.

Somoza was the *Guardia*, is the *contras* and is now UNO, is how Daniel tells it. And behind all of them, and all of Nicaragua's problems, lie *los yanquis* and their endless proclivity for beating Nicaragua with their big stick. That this message plays well with a long-suffering population is no surprise. Indeed, what's surprising is that anyone could have thought otherwise, especially since the Sandinistas' campaign seeds are falling on fertilized ground. All the nonsense put out by Washington interest groups about "free and fair" elections being the key to establishing alternative, more pliable power in Nicaragua neglects the fact that the Sandinistas are an inventive and pragmatic lot, and have contemplated elections as part of their governing strategy from very early on. One does not have to delve far into their abundant writings and public speeches to find references to the "electoral battle" being another necessary, in fact desirable, mobilization for—and ratification of—their popular base.

Being a pragmatic lot, however, the Sandinistas have not been above a certain clientelism to reinforce their electoral strategy. There cannot be many among the 123,000 former-

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ly landless Nicaraguan peasants, now farming more than 2 million acres, who do not know where their land came from, and who gave it to them. And who might take it back. Similarly, Managua is dotted with neighborhoods where the government has built houses for its workers, or recycled those that belonged to other Nicaraguans who now graze Miami's arid malls.

The Sandinistas don't talk about it much, but they are a revolutionary political party, not a collection of names occasionally selected to run for office. The 40,000 party activists all have qualified for membership through a long apprenticeship program that stresses community service and self-abnegation. Forty thousand is also a large number of loyal folk in a country that has only 1.75 million voters. Multiply 40,000 by an average of five to a family, and one gets an idea of how implanted the Sandinistas are. (One can also multiply 40,000 by an average monthly dues donation of up to \$5 during the pre-election period and figure out where the party's campaign funds come from.)

Moreover, an examination of the Sandinistas' activities shows that they are seriously, if not always effectively, working to improve life for the country's 3.7 million citizens. They concluded, long before the Berlin wall came tumbling down, that new alliances had to be formed with countries outside Eastern Europe if, as seems likely, the Bush Administration continues to play grinch on the international capital market.

Indeed, if these elections didn't already exist, the Sandinistas would have needed to invent them. Hence the readiness with which they accepted advancing the date from November to February, as a result of the Costa del Sol agreements of February 1989. The elections are much more complicated, and present much more of an opportunity for the Sandi-

nistas, than just the well-publicized race for the presidency. A National Assembly of at least ninety members will be elected from among Nicaragua's twenty-one political parties (a complex system of proportional representation makes the final number of seats difficult to predict). Regional and city councils also will be chosen, most of them for the first time. More than 6,000 people are running for regional and city office (only 22 percent of whom are women, an area of inequity in which the Sandinistas do only slightly better than the rest of the parties).

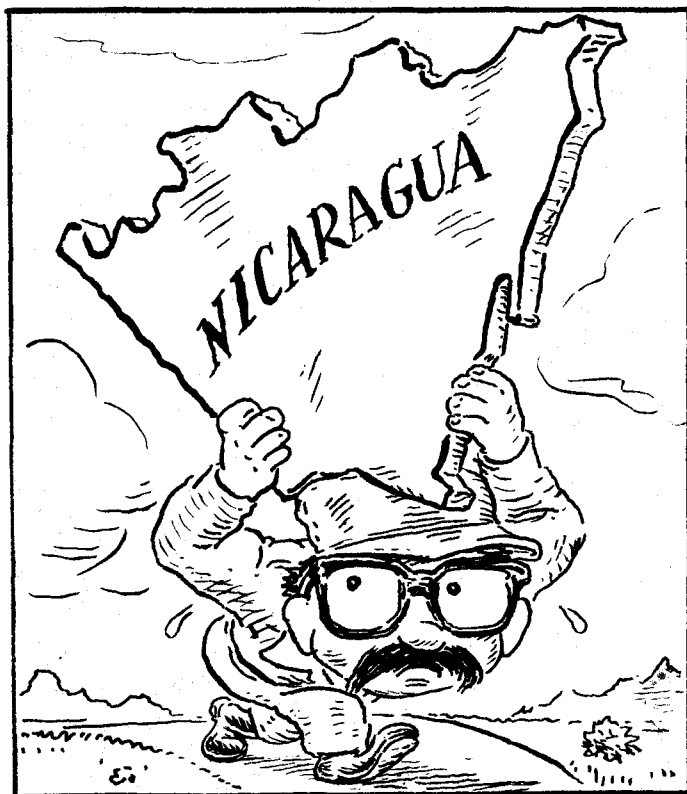
An overwhelming percentage of those elected to office will be serving for the first time. Since the Sandinistas are already the *de facto* power in almost all regions—either militarily, because of the need to counter the *contras*, or as the civilian authorities, thanks to their earlier victories over Somoza's thugs—they can be expected to expand their local strength for the same reasons that their national ticket will do well.

This election gives the Sandinistas both the opportunity of power and the danger of too much power. As the campaign moved on from its slow first months into 1990, it became increasingly obvious that they couldn't lose. A Sandinista victory was consolidated especially by the Bush Administration's invasion of Panama, which set alarm bells ringing in all sectors of Nicaraguan society except those represented by UNO, which failed to condemn the action and, indeed, supported it in the columns of its hysterical daily, *La Prensa*.

As UNO self-destructed with squabbles over money and strategy, and its presidential candidate, Violeta Chamorro, continued to be absent from the campaign trail due to bad health, the Sandinistas began to worry. Articles featuring the Social Christian Party began to appear in the Sandinista press (which can be almost as hysterical, though not usually so transparently inept, as *La Prensa*). The Social Christians have limited credibility in Nicaragua—their regional affiliates include the likes of Panama's Guillermo Endara and El Salvador's José Napoleón Duarte. But they are linked internationally, through the Christian Democrats, to powerful sources of financial assistance in Western Europe and South America.

Similarly, Nicaragua's four Social Democratic parties have ties to their European and South American homologues. One of the more interesting stops on the campaign trail therefore occurred not in Nicaragua but at the January meeting of the Socialist International in Quito, Ecuador. The Sandinistas, who take their relationship to the S.I. very seriously, were represented by an observer delegation. Although right-wing parties backed by the United States have long battled for the soul of the S.I., there have been times when the French, Spanish and especially Scandinavian parties have exerted their independence. These are among the countries expected to recognize Nicaragua's elections as proof of the Sandinistas' right to sup at the table of international capital, albeit in modest bites.

In fact, the Sandinistas may be preparing to cast their net even wider. It seemed odd that a large banner advertising the candidacy of Alfredo César for National Assembly on the



UNO ticket should appear in the strongly pro-Sandinista Linda Vista and Los Arcos neighborhoods of Managua in mid-January. And even odder that it stayed in place, despite the continuing high jinks of Sandinista and UNO supporters, who usually spend all night splashing paint on, or tearing down, each other's signs. César, who once ran the central bank for the Sandinistas, defected to the *contras*, where he performed similar functions. Now he's back home, along with other semirepentant members of the *contra* directorate, as an UNO candidate from the right-wing Social Democratic Party. César, who has observer status at the S.I. meetings, can be expected to hear his phone ringing loudly after election day, if it isn't already.

That a mass-based revolutionary party like the Sandinistas, with a charismatic leader, effective electoral hegemony, well-controlled military and police powers and all-pervasive media, has to minister to the world's Social and Christian Democratic parties is a measure of how quixotic and desperate an enterprise it can be to establish progressive political control of a small nation these days.

Fortunately for Nicaragua, its economic needs are not great, and a lot of investment capital—government and private—is waiting to see what happens on February 25. It is in anticipation of this investment that the nation can be said to be living in suspense. Everyone is aware of the power of U.S. media hawks to swoop in on wings of disinformation and discredit the electoral process, although the presence of observer delegations from twelve countries and three multinational entities—more than 2,000 people in all—will make this more difficult than usual.

How the Bush Administration will greet a Sandinista victory of any magnitude is an open question. The Sandinista government has allowed all manner of mischievous interventionist “democrats” from right-wing Washington-based organizations to play various roles in this election. These include two well-funded front groups for UNO in the guise of nonpartisan voter education, “observer” delegations from organizations traditionally hostile to progressive governments (Freedom House and the Center for Democracy) and an opportunity for hard-core *contra* supporters from Congress to be in Nicaragua on election day. These entities—the covert “civic action” crowd, their private foundation pilot fish and their Congressional supporters—may try to set the Bush Administration's feet in concrete against any kind of accommodation with continuing Sandinista rule.

An early tip-off to the Bush Administration's plans will be its position on aid to the *contras*, which will be discussed by Congress soon after Nicaragua votes. Any funding at all will be seen by the Nicaraguan government as a sign that the interventionists are still in control. On the other hand, a subtle backing off from U.S. vetoes of international bank lending to Nicaragua would be an indication of cautious rapprochement.

The government says that a mere \$120 million will get the country through 1990; an equal or greater amount would begin to produce benefits for investors in the not too distant future. The Sandinistas obviously are ready to make deals with those members of the Nicaraguan private sector who have gotten tired of waiting for the *contras*—and for

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DRUGS: A GLOBAL PROBLEM REQUIRING A GLOBAL RESPONSE



UNITED NATIONS
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UNO—to come to the rescue, and with just about any international financial interest ready to play on their terms.

It's hard to think of a national development plan that can serve as a model for Nicaragua. Just as the Sandinistas themselves have followed remarkably *sui generis* policies with a little help from their friends, and have survived thus far, so now they face a new challenge: that of ruling over orderly economic development in a nation that will not be completely at peace—there's too much money and power still behind the *contras* for that—but will be less at war.

The region's available models are hardly encouraging. Mexico continues to rely on prostration before international banking interests, to the increasing detriment of its citizens. Venezuela has just announced a "development" plan for foreign capital that includes elimination of currency controls, unlimited profit extraction, complete capital withdrawal options and freedom to establish and own subsidiaries within the country. Peru might go even further, should its citizens be unfortunate enough to elect Mario Vargas Llosa as President later this year.

Nicaragua would not seem to have an abundance of favorable options before it. But that is nothing new. One can't go anywhere in Nicaragua these days without seeing or hearing the Sandinistas' all-purpose campaign slogan, *Todo Será Mejor!* ("Everything Will Be Better!"). It wouldn't have quite the same ring, but, given the bind they'll be in—at least temporarily—a more accurate phrase might be, "Most Things Won't Get Worse . . . We Hope!" □

■ TRIAGE IN CALIFORNIA

Rationing Life And Death

DAVID L. KIRP

Last spring the top public health official in California's Alameda County, Dave Kears, announced a first-in-the-nation effort to come up with a local strategy for rationing health care. Health departments elsewhere, most of them strapped for funds after years of cutbacks, took notice. To support the effort, Kears hired John Golenski, a Jesuit medical ethicist who bravely promised to work with discussion groups comprising health professionals, consumers and activists to "make a list of health services—most important to least beneficial." Television crews and reporters from across the nation gave the story widespread coverage.

By summer, though, the experiment had collapsed in a storm of accusations and ill will. Golenski and the discus-

sion groups concluded that health care in Alameda County, which includes Oakland and Berkeley, already had been trimmed to the bone. Far from being able to cut less-than-crucial services from the bottom of the list, Golenski said it would take a 50 percent budget increase just to provide what was minimally needed. That made headlines too. What didn't was the paradox behind the Alameda rationing fiasco—the fact that, given the present state of public health in the nation, rationing is both politically unspeakable and a daily reality.

What occurs in Alameda County, and in public hospitals and clinics across the country, isn't rationing by rule but an invisible rationing carried out by nurses and doctors. They are constantly obliged by constraints of time and space and staff—constraints built into an underfunded system—to decide whom to help and whom not to help, just as on a battlefield.

Inevitably, such pressing decisions mean tragic mistakes get made. When a man in his 60s recently showed up at the emergency room in Highland Hospital, centerpiece of the Alameda County public health system, he could barely breathe and his blood pressure had rocketed to 260/180. Asked why he hadn't kept up with his medicine, the patient explained that he'd had an appointment to renew his prescription, but after waiting for hours, "they told me to go home because they were too busy."

A decade ago, Alameda County's public health system was as good as liberal public officials and health care activists could make it. But there, as elsewhere, the dollars have not kept pace with the demand for care. Between 1986 and 1988, while the cost of medical care in the county was rising annually at double-digit rates, state support actually dropped 5.1 percent for each patient on the public health rolls. Sizable increases in county spending haven't come close to making up the difference.

The costs of new medical technologies continue to rise. Of greater dollar significance, more people now are forced to rely on county health care. With private physicians loath to see Medicaid patients, these people increasingly turn to public clinics. And beginning in 1983, the state stopped guaranteeing health care for its poor. The counties became providers of last resort for the medically indigent—some 5 million individuals in California and 37 million nationwide, more than half of them working people and their children, who have no health insurance.

The number of outpatient visits in Alameda doubled from 1983 to 1989. The county's network of community-based clinics, the pride of Alameda's health activists, is inundated. So the clinics close their lists, doing the best they can for the patients already on their rolls. Last year they turned away 19,000 new requests for care. Hospital admissions went up even more dramatically in the same period, from 2,278 to 14,818. Moreover, as in other urban counties, the twin epidemics of crack and AIDS mean the health system is seeing a sicker population; this increases costs too.

California law, like that of many states, mandates that the "community standard of care" be offered by the counties to the poor. This paper commitment to excellence coincides with the belief, expressed to pollsters by more than 90 per-

David L. Kirp, professor at the Graduate School of Public Policy, University of California, Berkeley, writes regularly on social issues. He is the author, most recently, of Learning by Heart: AIDS and Schoolchildren in America's Communities (Rutgers University Press).

cent of the national population, that everyone is entitled to the same care that a millionaire receives. But, inevitably, as money gets scarce the general level of public care deteriorates.

A medical condition that, in the private sector, would probably lead to hospitalization—a blood pressure count of 200/120, for instance—results only in a prescription at Highland. There are patients like Rachel Pereira, who, unable to pay for insurance, waited to have heart valve replacement surgery until she was 65 and on Medicare. She waited too long, for the blood had backed up into her heart and fatally damaged her lungs. There are also the patients, Vietnamese or Tongan or Nicaraguan, who speak no English, and are brought to emergency rooms in obvious pain. Unless there is an interpreter available, as only occasionally happens, they receive what doctors call “veterinary medicine.”

You might imagine that Alameda County is a particularly hellish place in the American medical landscape, but it is actually among the most generous counties in a state that is among the most generous in the nation. Per capita, Alameda spends half again as much as Los Angeles and subsidizes care even for those who earn twice the poverty-level income. “Compared with New York or Detroit or even L.A.,” one Highland doctor says, “this is heaven.”

What really distinguishes this county is that it has opted to go public with its plight. Brinkmanship is the stock in trade of agency director Kears. As budget balancer, his task is to make the health care system live within its diminishing means, and he believes in the assignment. “There will always be more need than dollars,” he said. “That’s the basic premise—we won’t treat ourselves out of the problems. We have to prove that we know how to spend the money we get.”

Yet as an advocate for additional dollars, Kears simultaneously needs to show just how unacceptable that budget is, and he believes in this part of his job too. In recent years, he has used every device at hand—hearings before visiting Congressional committees, threats to cut popular programs like prenatal care, pleas to state legislators—to “hold the politicians’ feet to the fire.” The call for rationing

in Alameda County was designed to display both strands of this policy schizophrenia, illustrating what could be cut while dramatizing the dire consequences.

In the spring of 1989, with the county broke and contemplating a smaller budget for the next fiscal year, and the state unwilling to make an emergency \$500,000 appropriation for the swelling caseload—indeed, with Governor George Deukmejian talking about cutting funds for county hospitals—something brazen had to be done. Perhaps bringing in an ethicist would “elevate the debate, serve as our Archimedean point of departure,” Don Perata, chair of Alameda County’s Board of Supervisors, remembers thinking. And Golenski, the ethicist, told reporters it takes “moral courage” for the county to risk such a public investigation; he chided the state for not doing the same.

The fifty discussion-group members Kears picked—doctors, nurses and union representatives, advocates for the aged and Asian-Americans and people with AIDS—were deeply uneasy with their assignment. They appreciated Kears’s argument that rationing was being done already, and done badly. But they worried that to convert rationing into official practice would just legitimize a fundamentally unfair status quo. They also worried that their good work would give Governor Deukmejian, no friend of health care, a blueprint to follow in cutting the state’s health budget even more.

In the ensuing brawl, the passions were real. Yet something else was going on: In this politically charged environment, almost everyone involved had a constituency to answer to. Rationing would mean shifting dollars from one place to another; it might mean losing jobs. As the discussion groups began meeting, representatives for Vote Health Coalition, an alliance of progressive health organizations, railed against rationing as “barbaric. It causes people to lose lives, it causes pain, it causes death, it causes disability.” And the extensive media coverage of the experiment only raised the political ante.

Moreover, planning for the explicit rationing of health care turned out to be much harder than anyone anticipated. It’s difficult to come by evidence of which treatments work,



which don't, and why. It's harder still to figure out what calipers of value to use in appraising that evidence. Is the aim to cut costs? to prolong life? to deliver care to the dying?

Even when professionals agree on the design of reform, something else usually stands in the way: taxpayers' unwillingness to foot the bills, civil service rules, union reluctance to deliver give-backs. Reform in health care means that someone loses, and as the recent hullabaloo over catastrophic health care for the aged suggests, sensible reforms can be sabotaged by well-organized minorities.

The enumeration of the county's failures consumed many hours of the group meetings. Severely troubled youngsters received no therapy; women on the verge of delivery were forced to wait for an available operating room; crack addicts were left untreated by drug counselors.

"I was a pie-eyed liberal going in. Things were ten times worse than I imagined," Golenski recalls. By the second round of daylong group sessions—which ultimately degenerated into mutual finger pointing—he had heard enough. He announced that, despite his mandate, he had become an opponent of rationing in Alameda County. He did not want to make the choices among services, all of which he felt were essential. To do so, he said, would be immoral.

With his rationing project a shambles, Kears, the straight-ahead administrator, set out to write his own version of the rationing report. Rationing is "impractical and morally indefensible," Kears said in his final report to the county Board of Supervisors, faithfully reporting the conclusion of the discussion groups. Yet he couldn't resist pointing out that "rationing is a reality"—a continuing reality. The "strategic planning" he'd have to continue, in the face of threatened funding cuts, is just rationing under another name.

At 10 o'clock on a bright morning last August, the hour formally set aside for the Alameda County Board of Supervisors to discuss Kears's report, Isaac Slaughter, the director of the West Oakland Mental Health Clinic, strode to the microphone. "This didn't succeed," he said, "because we started at the wrong end, with the foregone conclusion that rationing was best. We were supposed to validate this premise. But we need to deal with the front end of the problem—how to go about the business of trying to make things less inadequate, not trying to ration inadequacy."

With the abandonment of rationing, the politicians and the health activists pronounced themselves pleased. But nothing really had changed. Supervisor Perata told reporters, "For an outsider, someone with [Golenski's] ethical credentials, to come to the same conclusion as the people on the inside brings us a step closer to creating the political will to change the health care system."

By the end of the month, Kears was back before the board with a new budget. In the end, the public health director himself had taken on deciding what to cut. "I underestimated how hard it is for caring people to thin the soup, lengthen the line," said Kears, delivering his post-mortem on rationing.

Yet until politicians in the state capitals—or more likely, Washington—see matters differently, there will be more and

more victims of unacknowledged triage. And until the public comes to terms with the reality and the human costs of rationing, the fearsomeness of the task will dissuade the politicians, those elected masters of appearance, from undertaking the major overhaul that the American health care nonsystem so badly needs. In the aftermath of the Alameda County experiment, rationing appears to be one more failed alternative to what's really needed: some form of national health care. □

Without Hope

(Continued From Front Cover)

Flores, a member of the Guatemalan Democratic Socialist Party—were executed after being seized on their way to the airport.

It seemed to me that time had stood still. A campaign of intimidation (my house was ransacked twice, my newspaper bombed, I was kidnapped for several hours) had forced me to leave Guatemala one year earlier; last December I revisited the country with the illusory idea that perhaps its political and economic habits had improved. Coming from my new home in Bremen, West Germany, I arrived full of the vibrant images of thousands of Eastern Europeans sacking the dictators who had ruled their countries for decades. With such contrasting pictures in mind, I couldn't help but wonder about the similarities—and the differences—between Eastern European and Central American peoples, who for more than forty years have been defenseless victims of the cold war.

Similarities? Both Guatemala and Czechoslovakia had Democratic Springs (and, for that matter, Hungary and Nicaragua had nationalist revolutions against their region's superpower). The 1968 Soviet invasion against First Secretary Alexander Dubcek meant to Czechoslovaks what the 1954 U.S.-organized intervention against reform-minded President Jacobo Arbenz meant to Guatemalans—the imposition of a regime popular in the imperial capital and deeply disliked in its own country, the end of the necessary economic and political reforms the overthrown regimes had just introduced and the violation of elemental human rights; in sum, a great leap backward. The Brezhnev Doctrine had equaled the Monroe Doctrine.

But, while the Moscow-imposed government in Prague would degrade and humiliate reformers, the Washington-made government in Guatemala would kill them. It still does, in a virtual genocide that has taken more than 150,000 victims. Amnesty International called this genocide a "government program of political murder"; to the U.S.-sponsored Salvadoran Army, it meant "the Guatemalan solution," the ideal strategy to pacify their own country.

Other intertwined similarities and differences? In Novem-

Julio Godoy is a Guatemalan journalist and former Nieman Fellow at Harvard University. His newspaper, La Epoca, was closed after being bombed by death squads almost two years ago.

ber and December of 1989 Czechoslovak university students peacefully took to the streets of Prague, expressed their disaffection with the regime and, as simply as that, with hardly any bloodshed, got rid of the despots. Some weeks later, Czechoslovakia had a new government, headed by a formerly forbidden playwright, Vaclav Havel. At the same time, the tortured bodies of university students and opposition politicians appeared in Guatemala; our Vaclav Havel, the poet and dramatist Manuel José Arce, continues to be unofficially banned five years after his death in exile in France.

That is, perhaps, the main explanation for the fearless character of the students' recent uprising in Prague: The Czechoslovak Army doesn't shoot to kill. Indeed, in 1989, with the new Soviet attitude (the so-called Sinatra Doctrine), the armies of Eastern Europe (with the sole exception of, alas, Romania's, which fired on the Securitate death squads) didn't shoot at all. In Guatemala, not to mention El Salvador, random terror is used to keep unions and peasant and student associations from seeking their own way.

Guatemala and Czechoslovakia, Central America and Eastern Europe, the Soviet Union and the United States. How far do the parallels go? One important difference lies in the nature of the armies and of their foreign tutors. Today, after the events of 1989, it's possible to say that the armies of Eastern Europe have proved to be apolitical and obedient to their national government, be it Communist or not. In Central America, in Guatemala and in El Salvador in particular, the army *is* the power. As I saw Havel being honored by the Czechoslovak Army on the day of his inauguration, I asked myself how Salvadoran officers would behave should Rubén Zamora be elected president. A useless question, for I already knew the answer.

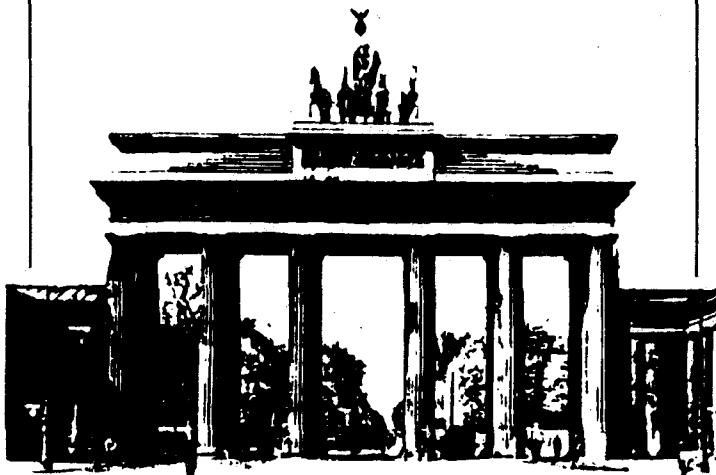
In addition, Communist rule had an involuntary benign effect in Eastern Europe. Since the state owned everything, no personal conflicts over property arise today as the new regimes introduce economic reform. In Guatemala and El Salvador, the illegitimacy of private property is at the heart of the conflict. Army officers and a few civilian families own the land, the factories, the real estate. They came to own the countries through virtual robbery, either by expropriation and exploitation of peasant land and work in the countryside or by downright corruption.

Then there is the irrationally anticommunist character of the Central American armies, which have twisted military doctrine to its present standard of criminal conduct. Add to that the ambition that generals teach younger officers (as the bitter joke goes, the military ranking is lieutenant, captain . . . colonel, millionaire), and the dreary Central American political landscape is completed—a military elite that renovates itself every third year, ferociously clinging to power for its own sake.

Paradoxically, the army has become the senior partner in an alliance with landlords in which it used to be a mere instrument. Little wonder that military officers see themselves as the guardians of the state, or, as they shamelessly put it, "the nation's moral reserve."

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European throats was made of clay. In Guatemala and El Salvador the electoral alternative that emerged during the 1980s as a response to the 1979 Sandinista triumph in Nicaragua, and to the guerrilla warfare at home, is hypocritical and empty of democratic content. Under the electoral facade—the civilian regimes in Guatemala and El Salvador are just a public relations game, aimed at the international community—almighty armies rule these countries, with a discretionary degree of public presence.

Take Guatemala: Who could have anticipated four years ago the hopeless, bloody spectacle the country offers today? At that time Guatemalans, including myself, celebrated the election of their first civilian President in twenty years. In December 1985 President-elect Vinicio Cerezo told a crowded press conference of foreign journalists, "If the army is not fully committed to democracy, I'll see you soon in Miami. I'll be there in exile." The army would have to overthrow him, he said, for he wasn't going to serve as a civilian facade for military dictatorship.

In January 1991, Cerezo will end his five-year term. He'll be succeeded by a civilian, elected president—the second in a row, something that happened only once before in Guatemalan history. Does that mean that Cerezo has fulfilled his flamboyant campaign promises? No. Indeed, his four years of government have seen hundreds of political killings and disappearances, including several massacres in the countryside; an economic policy that has increased substantially the fortunes of Guatemala's few millionaires, impoverished the never numerous middle class and aggravated the workers' misery; and rampant corruption. All in all, his record resembles that of the army's thirty years in government. Yes, Cerezo has been to Miami many times during the last four years—but just to relax.

Today Cerezo describes his presidency as a transitional process. But transitional toward what? He won't say. Should we need a crystal ball, let's look at El Salvador's recent past, which offers discouraging analogies with Guatemala's. In 1984, the reform-minded José Napoleón Duarte was elected President, as the civilian hope to replace a murderous military dictatorship and to end the country's civil war. As Duarte's reformism declined rapidly, paramilitary death squads took over again. Six years later, although El Salvador has a new civilian president, the war continues to consume the country's meager leftovers; the poor have sunk deeper into misery; and military hit teams continue to assassinate Roman Catholic priests, university students and professors, human rights activists, peasants and labor unionists.

Who is likely to succeed Cerezo as Guatemala's president? The leading contenders are fellow Christian Democrat Alfonso Cabrera, a corrupt politician who has been linked to drug trafficking, and Jorge Carpio, the Guatemalan equivalent of El Salvador's President, Alfredo Cristiani.

Is that to say there is no solution for Central America? Certainly not as easy a solution as in Eastern Europe. For one thing, there is no U.S. foreign policy equivalent to the Soviet Sinatra Doctrine. On the contrary, Washington has shown us the blueprint for its new intervention policy in Central America, the so-called "Operation Just Cause" formula.

This policy, recently used by Washington in Panama, has also been applied to Nicaragua: first, the emaciation of the country's economy through terrorism and boycotts; second, the gift of millions of dollars in assistance to the opposition candidate (in Nicaragua, Violeta Chamorro's campaign is sponsored by several U.S. agencies; in Panama, Guillermo Endara's May 1989 campaign received at least \$10 million from the C.I.A.); third, George Bush's insinuation that, should Doña Violeta be defeated in the coming elections, as seems to be the case, Washington will recognize neither the electoral process nor the resulting government. In other words, if the Nicaraguan people decide not to choose the U.S. electoral option, the economic siege may continue until the country and, incidentally, the Sandinista revolution, are annihilated.

At the same time, uninterrupted U.S. support for the Salvadoran military encourages more crimes by a murderous, corrupt army, whose officers (remember Maj. Roberto D'Aubuisson, his very name evoking images of medieval horror?) are proud of killing Catholic priests. U.S. support perpetuates a society that sacrifices its brightest, most honest and most sincere politicians (such as Hector Ouelí), who have to give up their lives for the redemption of their country, and it condemns El Salvador's population to an endless war. The victory that Washington seeks is impossible to achieve, no matter how brutal the conduct of the war.

Considering Washington's choices in Central America, one is tempted to believe that some people in the White House worship Aztec gods—with the offering of Central American blood. The death squads and the military intelligence services (even assuming there is a difference between them) of El Salvador and Guatemala, as well as the *contra* directorate, can easily compete against Nicolae Ceausescu's Securitate for the World Cruelty Prize.

During my recent visit to Guatemala I wanted to travel to the countryside and especially to Chajul, an Indian town where the religious statues in the church used to be dressed in military uniforms. But the capital's poverty made such a great impression on me that I spent most of my time just walking around. One day I stumbled into a friend, an old, retired professor. "How are you?" I greeted him. "Getting angrier one damned day after the other," he said grimly. That particular day he didn't want to conceal his fury. "Look what these bastards have done to the people," he explained. The retired professor was referring to . . . well, actually, to everything: the army, the civilian government, the

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poor, the rich, the violence, the corruption. "If I were your age," he continued, "I would go up to the mountains to join *los muchachos*." I didn't say that I was planning to visit a European embassy instead.

Later that day, the European diplomat I went to visit repeated my friend's hopeless words. After a long conversation on the whimsical weather, the diplomat suddenly grew serious. First he condemned President Cerezo's rule ("the most frivolous government this country ever had"). Then he spoke of the army's ruthlessness ("They publicly call themselves 'the messengers of death'"). Finally, putting his hands on my shoulders, as a father would talk to his favorite son about a matter of life or death, the diplomat uttered the terrible words, "Look, I know how much you love your country. But did you come to stay?" No, I didn't. "Intelligent of you," he went on, "for, as long as the Americans don't change their attitude toward the region, there's no space here for the truth or for hope. If you came to stay, you would have to confront a hard decision."

That night, I reflected on both conversations. Time and again I thought Eastern Europeans were, in a way, luckier than Central Americans. The early Stalinism didn't last forever and the 1960s brought some hope, which in turn nurtured an entire generation. When the system collapsed under the weight of its own folly and of the technological postindustrial revolution that gave the West—the competing and, luckily for the Eastern Europeans, neighboring West—a definitive advantage, economic and political reforms were

needed and therefore possible through peaceful means. When the Soviet Union encouraged those reforms, the world was ready to support them. Most fortunate of all, the generation nourished with hope was intact and ready to take over.

In Central America the marginalization and misery of most of the population are the sine qua non of capitalist accumulation. So, although vitally necessary to satisfy the people's basic demands, economic and political change—even the mere notion of change—has been resisted for decades by means of indiscriminate violence. In addition, people's trust in elections has been betrayed constantly. Therefore the carriers of hope either have become corrupt or have gone up "to the mountains," as the retired professor put it. To aggravate our misfortunes, our rich neighbor has not been able to assist the change with intelligence and discretion, as the Western Europeans have done in Eastern Europe. We are located in the backyard of a superpower that shows no signs of learning from its errors or living up to its words.

Could it be, as the European diplomat I visited that day told me, that the old Mexican saying ("So far from God, so close to the United States") is fatally correct? On the very last day of my visit, I made a quick trip to Patzún, an Indian town near the capital. There, once again, I found dramatic poverty. As always, the unfathomable dark eyes of the Indians were clouded with fear. And the local garrison of the Guatemalan Army was using U.S. military assistance to, as the official line goes, "strengthen our new democracy." □

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Crossing Over

JEFF GILLENKIRK

MIGRANT SOULS. By Arturo Islas. William Morrow. 247 pp. \$16.95.

Measured against the nativist traditions of this country's eighteenth- and nineteenth-century literature, the immigrant saga has always been a stepchild of the publishing world. Early in this century writers of Irish, German, Jewish and Italian tales found themselves smudging the parlor glass trying to sell their stories of teeming tenements and sweaty ambitions. But as Europe convulsed, their audiences finally arrived around them, and publishing became an immigrant business like all others.

Upton Sinclair and James T. Farrell, Eugene O'Neill, Howard Fast, Henry Roth, John Steinbeck and others became creators of struggling, often failed heroes drawn from America's new masses. Today, that tradition is being carried on by writers like Isaac Bashevis Singer, Larry Woiwode and Mary Gordon in a market that seemingly lusts for the geometry of the family saga.

These have all been white Europeans' tales, though recent years have brought a parade of African-American families in the works of Margaret Walker and Alice Walker, Toni Morrison, Alex Haley and John Edgar Wideman, among others, portraying profound migrations within the empire as much as from without. More recently, Maxine Hong Kingston and Amy Tan have started a new genre that mirrors our nation's newest immigration pattern—the Chinese-American family saga.

Still, aficionados of Latin American culture have been waiting for the Mexican-American saga to make its mainstream debut for some time now. Latinos, after all, outrank Asians in number as our fastest growing immigrant group, and are strongly family oriented. Among them Mexican-Americans form the largest segment by far, though by settling mostly in the West they are far from the cul-

tural capitals of New York and Washington, and seemingly invisible to blond-blinded L.A.

Where are the Mexican Tyrones and Joads—or even Corleones? What are the monstrous ambitions and whispered secrets of Mexican-American society? We have the work of Rudolfo Anaya; Oscar Acosta's *Autobiography of a Brown Buffalo*; John Nichols's *Milagro Beanfield War*, though he's an Anglo; and Richard Rodriguez's controversial *Hunger for Memory*, though he's trying to be an Anglo. But the general wisdom of the big houses has been that *real* Mexican-American books won't sell—which in self-fulfilling fashion has left the growing volume of Chicano literature to small Southwest and university presses.

But now along comes Arturo Islas's *Migrant Souls* from William Morrow, and undoubtedly legions of Chicano authors will be dusting off their manuscripts and sending them to New York. This novel is the second of a trilogy that Islas (a professor of English at Stanford University) has planned about the Angel family, a sprawling, sociobiological organism with a genealogical tree as convoluted as the L.A. freeway system.

The first installment, *The Rain God*, was published in 1984 by tiny Alexandrian Press of Palo Alto, California. It has become—deservedly—an underground classic. Told from the point of view of Miguel "Chico" Angel (son of Miguel "Grande"), a handsome, delicate scion of the Angel clan living a clandestine gay existence in San Francisco, the book is set in the fictional town of Del Sapo on the Texas-Mexico border. In a taut narrative flashing backward and forward in time, it covers three generations of Mexican-American immigrants to the Southwest from just before the 1911 Mexican Revolution to the present day.

Despite this breadth of time, geography and genealogy, *The Rain God* is a story of surprising subtlety and poignancy. In a style that blends the magic realism of much Latin American fiction with North American minimalism, Islas offers a spare linguistic landscape that, like the Southwest desert, is both understated and profound. And the narrative, like desert lightning, moves in brief, revelatory flashes from one family development or idiosyncrasy to another: a stub-

born aunt who makes chili so hot only three people can eat it; the clash between the family's ambitious, iron-willed matriarch and her Mexican domestic, who insists on imparting "low-class" immigrant habits to the children; the family-rending affair between Miguel Grande and Lola, his wife's best friend; and the expertly rendered story of Felix Angel's murder by a homophobic soldier in a lonely desert canyon.

The Rain God is a lovely book, pitting the spirit of Mexican-American life—faith and family and laughter and magic—against the cold puritanism of "making it" in the United States. It is a novel about borders (not just geopolitical ones but tradition/modernism, Indian/Spanish, Spanish/Anglo, family/individual, Catholic/secular, faith/despair, gay/straight, darkness/light) and the kind of sentimental people who resist having to choose between sides.

But the most troublesome divide is always the Big One—the immutable, all too tragically real U.S.-Mexico border, which serves as a metaphor for the perpetual cultural twilight of Islas's novels. "They had not sailed across an ocean or ridden in wagons and trains across half a continent in search of a new life," a voice in *Migrant Souls* reminds us. "They were migrant, not immigrant, souls. They simply and naturally went from one bloody side of the river to the other and into a land that just a few decades earlier had been Mexico."

Migrant Souls continues the investigation of the Angels' purgatory between their Mexican past and U.S. future. How to fit in? How strongly should one press to "cross over" if it means you might never be able to cross back?

In this installment, Islas chooses to tell the Angels' story through Josefa, a second-generation daughter who shares with cousin Miguel Chico a New World alienation from her cloying family. "Josie" straddles the cultural border by marrying the half-Mexican Harold Newman, an Army intelligence officer who takes her from timeless Del Sapo to the promised land of California.

But two children and a decade of undisclosed incidents later, Josie's marriage is destroyed, a victim of her own indiscretions and modernism's assault on the family. As the first Angel ever divorced (though hardly the first to be in a failed marriage), Josie's story is clearly intend-

Jeff Gillenkirk is co-author, with James Motlow, of *Bitter Melon: Stories from the Last Rural Chinese Town in America* (University of Washington Press). He lives in New York City.

ed to be the centerpiece of *Migrant Souls*. It turns out, however, to be considerably less than that.

Tragically, Arturo Islas has placed the journey of his restless spirits in Josie's hands without ever showing he can write consistently from her point of view. The problem is a fundamental one: Can the masculine Islas cross this major border and write from a woman's perspective? His own character sheds doubt on his ability to do this when, toward the end of the book, she says despairingly, "I don't think men know what women feel."

In this case, I couldn't disagree with her. For most of *Migrant Souls* I was unable to tell what Josie felt. Events are conveyed in a flat, catalogue fashion, almost totally devoid of the vivid emotional flashes one expects from Islas. Lacking a strong central intelligence, *Migrant Souls* oftentimes seems arbitrarily strung together, too much of it feeling like one of those interminable family gatherings where the heat's up too high, dinner is late and everyone is studiously avoiding talking about what's really on their minds.

That's not to say there aren't admirable touches. There's a wonderful scene of Josie's father transporting a Mexican-raised turkey illegally across the border (after he's already made it clear he'd prefer enchiladas for Thanksgiving) and, after a harrowing border check, stopping with great relief at a diner on the U.S. side and treating his wife and children to *menudo* and *gorditas*. Yet, not until four-fifths of the way through the book, when the narration shifts subtly to the more nimble Miguel Chico, does *Migrant Souls* begin to work.

Miguel Chico takes us from the periphery of the Angel clan back inside its sinews and soul (including into his own heartbreak and battle with alcohol). Ironically, Josie becomes more visible through her wounded cousin's eyes than through her own. At a family Christmas gathering she attends only reluctantly, Miguel Chico "saw Josie take a bite [of Doña Marina's special Christmas tamales], taste the raisin, pine-nut, and quince flavors, and roll her eyes toward the ceiling." Here, finally, is perspective.

Islas has shown himself capable of handling love, death, homosexuality, infidelity, ambition or a moment with an elderly aunt masterfully ("Raising her good arm, she touched his face tenderly. The brown velvet of her glove almost broke his resolve to be without feeling for

the rest of his life"). But in attempting to cross the gender border—a task writers greater than he have failed to master—he unfortunately leaves most of his *Migrant Souls* wandering in the desert.

Nonetheless, one hopes this book signals a new commitment by U.S. pub-

lishing houses to the Mexican-American novel. If the third installment of the Islas trilogy fulfills the promise contained in the first, *Migrant Souls* will be seen as a small disappointment on a profound and long-overdue literary journey into the heart of Latino America. □

What We Call Character

ROBERTA BRANDES GRATZ

A VISION OF BRITAIN: A Personal View of Architecture. By HRH The Prince of Wales. Doubleday. 160 pp. \$40.

I think he's got it! By George, there is no doubt that Prince Charles *has* got it. He truly understands what is wrong with architecture, planning and urban design today, not only in Britain but also in the United States. The Prince has written a highly readable, beautifully illustrated and exceedingly wise book, *A Vision of Britain: A Personal View of Architecture*. Much more than the personal view its title suggests, this is a much-needed scathing critique of postwar design and planning trends that, because of who wrote it, cannot be ignored.

His book is the latest in a string of controversial steps the Prince has taken in recent years to draw attention to what he calls the "wanton destruction which has taken place in this country in the name of progress . . . the sheer, unadulterated ugliness and mediocrity of public and commercial buildings . . . and the heartlessness of so much urban planning."

He assumed his informal role as architecture critic five years ago when he shocked the nation by denouncing a proposed addition to the National Gallery as a "monstrous carbuncle on the face of a much-loved and elegant friend" and went on to rage against all manner of modern design, saying The National Theatre looked like "a nuclear power station" and the planned new British Library like "a place for burning books."

The Prince was an instant hit with the people who had long felt what he articulated and an equally instant pariah in the design and development community, who wondered where the Prince got the credentials to become Britain's most cel-

ebrated architecture critic. Royalty may be the last quarter from which a new radicalism might be expected to emerge, but the British public, like its American counterpart exceedingly displeased with the unceasing, ill-conceived reshaping of the built environment since World War II, welcomed it. Both the exhibition at the Victoria and Albert Museum in London and the television documentary version of the Prince's book have been quite popular in Britain.

Prince Charles blames the architectural and development establishment's embrace of modernism and its rejection of the accumulated wisdom and beauty of the past for sweeping away "some of our most beautiful towns and cities" in the name of progress. He argues that it is possible to be modern and responsive to change without bulldozing existing functional neighborhoods and downtowns, and he recognizes that a "return to classical principles" in order to solve architectural problems is "not quite the point."

The Prince's personal choice of contemporary buildings includes those whose "designers had the humility to recognise the value of their architectural heritage. They have not sought to be egotistically 'modern' or 'revolutionary.'" The selection is varied: a Broadgate office tower that "provides a neat solution to the problem of designing a building at the apex of a triangular site," a "pumping station which soars beyond functionalism and enters the world of witty and amusing symbolism," a corporate headquarters that "shows that modern commercial life can thrive inside a shell that reflects a human scale and is at home in the landscape," the "welcoming" domestic character of a Dorchester hospital. These are the exceptions to the broad sweep of his condemnation, but they are buildings that fit into their environment and don't overwhelm it, that blend the traditional and the contemporary and convey a sense of purpose.

"Within the basic framework of street widths and building heights," Prince

Urban critic Roberta Brandes Gratz is the author of *The Living City* (Simon and Schuster).

Charles writes, "there is room for a large range of styles. It is the *scale* which counts." That is the primary point he is making. And he is absolutely correct. So much of what is being built today is oppressive and dehumanizing in scale. Once a building reaches a certain size, it does not matter whether it has a pointed, flat or Chippendale top; at this scale, architecture is irrelevant.

Thus the sense of outrage that comes from the Prince is refreshing: "Everything cries out for a reappraisal of our values and attitudes," he writes. "Don't be intimidated by those who deride such views. They have had their day. Look at the soulless mess in which they have left us all!"

Prince Charles seems to understand intuitively some of the larger issues of urban development—how traditional downtown retail and commercial codes are threatened by the rise of the shopping mall, for example. "Chain stores with their ugly shop-front designs *do* corrode local identity," he notes, without taking the next step and realizing that local ownership and a local-based economy are corroded as well. "'The Brave New Shopping World,'" he notes, "turns out to be a kind of clinical laboratory where we are made to do our shopping." He contrasts this with Leeds's Edwardian Kirkgate market, built in 1904, a vibrant and economically vital place where "there is still some earth left on the potatoes, and some human contact between shopper and stall holder." He also contrasts the "monumentally blank" wall of a shopping center in one town with an area of individual new and old shops that has the appeal "of that elusive something extra—what we call character. Apart from anything else, it makes commercial sense." I wish the Prince had gone on to explore the qualities of that real place—personal ownership, the mixing of uses, the mingling of people, the activity of real streets used by more than shoppers—and considered the ingredients of the urban process beyond physical appearances. But the more limited observation is certainly accurate enough. With a tone of exasperation that leaps out from the page, Prince Charles asks, "Surely, after the experience of the last 20 years, we can get away from these terrible comprehensive development schemes."

Based on the American experience—and Britain, like other European countries, is simply behind us by a decade in making development mistakes—the answer, Prince Charles, is no, you can't.

On a positive note, the Prince celebrates Britain's community architecture movement—the parallel to the community development movement in this country—which has battled the establishment to achieve some noteworthy results. "The community architecture movement has steadily transformed the lives of what must by now be thousands of people who have taken an active role in the building of their own homes, the shaping of their own communities, and the creation of more congenial urban surroundings. As a consequence encouragingly large areas of towns and cities have been trans-

formed, and released from blight and decay. This has been achieved by soliciting the views of the residents, rather than ignoring them. It really is extraordinary what can be done by quite simple means."

He illustrates a few successful examples, such as Glasgow, where surviving tenements once scheduled to be vacated, bulldozed and replaced are now being refurbished as attractive homes for the existing population, after a "fight from the local community."

Prince Charles gives a set of guidelines or principles of common sense for development that seem perfectly reasonable:

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Development should enhance the landscape, not dominate it; height limitations should be imposed to insure human scale; assemblages by one developer should be limited in size; design should be in harmony with the surroundings; materials appropriate to the site should be used; decoration and detail should be included; art should be an integral part of the building; signs should be appealing and enclosures should be well defined.

Unfortunately, some critics are focusing on that portion of the Prince's book that lays the blame for today's sorry state of affairs mostly on the "architectural establishment, or a powerful group within it, which . . . in the 50s and 60s . . . set the cultural agenda. . . . It was the 'great architects' of this period who convinced everyone that the world would be safe in their hands." They belittle the Prince's views as those of someone who wants to turn back the clock.

The critics are right about one thing. Architects alone are not responsible for the current state of affairs. The blame also belongs to the visionary planners and critics who tried to solve urban problems by destroying the city itself, who have never based their proposals on how cities *really* work but on how they *should* work and whose reverence for Planning with a capital P leaves little room for the real, the evolutionary and the personal. Blame should go as well to the planners who decry the ad hoc, the spontaneous, the serendipitous qualities and happenstances in cities that defy planning. Blame must also be shared by paternalistic government policy-makers who decide for "the public" rather than trust the public to know what's best for itself. So, too, the elected officials who prefer the larger developer megaschemes that generate huge profits for political campaign contributors over the smaller, more imaginative and less costly locally based programs.

The list could go on and on and perhaps the Prince will deal with some of the other culprits in a sequel that could be even more interesting than this noteworthy first shot. He has admirably achieved his goal as he presents it at the beginning of *A Vision of Britain*: "My chief object has been to try and create discussion about the design of the built environment; to rekindle an alert awareness of our surroundings; inspire a desire to observe; and, most importantly, challenge the fashionable theories of a professional establishment which has made the layman feel he has no legitimate opinions." □

Hooked on a Feeling

ELAYNE RAPPING

Pick an addiction, any addiction. You don't have one? You're hopelessly out of it. According to the current wisdom—or at least the endless list of "experts" who write self-help books, lecture and run workshops for the "addicted generation"—addiction is a nearly universal malady. A recent *Mademoiselle* article on "Addiction Chic" states that "there are an estimated 12 to 15 million people—up from 5 to 8 million in 1976—currently involved in about 500,000 organizations" for people suffering from a mind-boggling array of psychological disorders now characterized as "addictions."

From the well-known Alcoholics Anonymous to the newer groups like Debtors Anonymous, Impotence Anonymous, Overeaters Anonymous, Sex Addicts Anonymous, Gamblers Anonymous, Depressives Anonymous and Love Addicts Anonymous (sometimes called WWLTM, after Robin Norwood's enormously successful and influential 1985 book, *Women Who Love Too Much*), these groups—their numbers and the kinds of problems they address—are multiplying wildly. Robin Norwood herself, in her recently published second book, *Letters From Women Who Love Too Much*, says "there are over one hundred varieties of Anonymous Programs that exist today." Moreover, she states that, as a psychotherapist, she has "never yet encountered a troubled individual who didn't qualify" for one of these groups.

I became intrigued by this trend because it has touched many people I know and because of its implications for feminism. While Anonymous groups and self-help books proliferate, the most popular of them are the ones about love or relationship addiction, almost all of which implicitly or openly are addressed mainly to women. Go to any B. Dalton or Barnes and Noble and you will be astonished at the number of books with titles like *How to Break Your Addiction to a Person* and *Overcoming Romantic Sexual Addictions*. Why, after all the gains women have made in work and public life, are so many still in sexual relationships that hurt so

badly they are rushing to buy these books and attend these groups?

One way to get a take on the phenomenon is to look at the blockbusters, the ones that stay for months on the *New York Times* best seller list. Robin Norwood and Melody Beattie are clearly the queens of codependency (the current term for people who stay with abusive, unreliable partners because they are addicted to that dynamic). Norwood's 1985 book and her new follow-up are obvious choices. Not only were and are they best sellers, they have helped create the national network of WWLTM groups. But

IN THIS REVIEW

CODEPENDENT NO MORE. By Melody Beattie. Harper/Hazelden. 229 pp. \$9.95.

BEYOND CODEPENDENCY. By Melody Beattie. Harper/Hazelden. 252 pp. \$9.95.

WOMEN WHO LOVE TOO MUCH. By Robin Norwood. Pocket. 302 pp. \$5.50.

LETTERS FROM WOMEN WHO LOVE TOO MUCH. By Robin Norwood. Pocket. 425 pp. \$4.95.

WHEN SOCIETY BECOMES AN ADDICT. By Anne Wilson Schaef. Harper & Row. 152 pp. \$8.95.

LOVE AND ADDICTION. By Stanton Peele. Signet. 309 pp. \$4.95.

it is Melody Beattie, whose 1987 *Codependent No More* stayed in the top five of the *Times's* How-To List for three years and whose recent follow-up, *Beyond Codependency*, is currently number one, who has had the most astonishing success with the genre.

These four books have much in common. Before examining their disturbing implications, it's only fair to point out what is healthy and useful about them. For one thing, they lay out, in plain English and with extensive examples, what is clearly a serious problem for many women and some men. In fact, few women reading these books—whatever their current situation—will fail to feel a shock of recognition at reading Norwood's and Beattie's analyses of heterosexual relationships.

Whether or not Beattie and Norwood realize it, they often present a watered-down version of feminist theories of the dynamics of the traditional family and the pervasive media-generated images of "love," both of which influence the socialization of boys and girls and provide unhealthy models of male/female relationships. Norwood, for example, after giving the tragic case history of "Lisa," comments that "her condition wasn't helped any by the fact that both suffering for love and being addicted to a relationship are romanticized by our culture [and that] very few [media] models exist of people relating as peers in healthy, mature, honest, nonmanipulative and non-exploitative ways."

Beattie's examples more typically describe the results of traditional family conditioning, in which women are the caretakers and rescuers while men, infantilized by a vision of women as the all-powerful but ultimately rejecting mother, retain a great deal of neediness and hostility toward their partners. This elicits, in the woman brought up to care for others and not herself, a deep anxiety and sense of guilt. "Marlyss," for example, is a compulsive caretaker. She "resents how her family and their needs (emotional, physical and sexual) control her life" but, she says, "I feel guilty when I don't do what's asked of me . . . live up to my standards for a wife and mother."

Most *Nation* readers, male and female, will find this pretty obvious. In an urban world, where dinner party conversation addresses the newest theories about sexual and social life, and people talk about their shrinks the way other Americans talk about their grandchildren, this is not exactly headline news. But for many others (and for a lot of us who—no matter what we "know"—are still in relationships that fit the "codependency" model), there is something useful and healing in these books. They do some of what the consciousness-raising movement did twenty years ago: They let us share our deepest, perhaps most shameful pain with people in the same boat, and they provide examples of how others have extricated themselves from similar situations.

Unlike the early women's movement, however, these books do not show how the personal becomes political. Instead, they present addiction as a disease from which one never fully recovers, which only the most vigilant and permanent adherence to the Twelve-Step Program—"working your program," as the lingo

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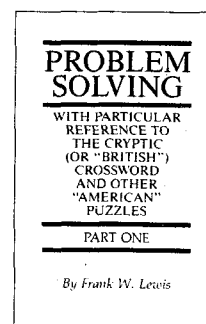
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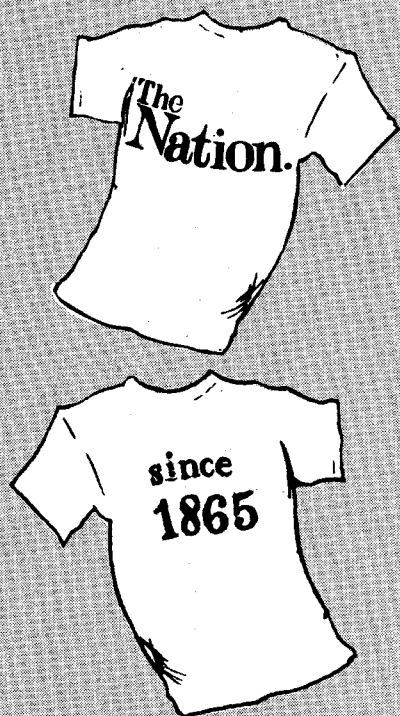


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has it—can control. I do not wish to discourage people in pain from using these groups or books. For many they are the only available respite from suffering and despair. I am concerned, however, theoretically and politically, with the limitations of what they offer, even when they “work.”

The first seven of the twelve steps members of all these groups “work” reek of a kind of religion typified by televangelism. Members must first “admit they are powerless over” the addiction, whatever it is. Then they must come to accept that only “a Power greater than (them)selves” can cure them and make “a decision to turn [their] wills and lives over to the care of God.” Beattie and Norwood, both recovering addicts of more than one variety, give heavy personal testimony about the crucial role of surrendering to this very traditional, patriarchal God in their recoveries. Neither is aware of, or interested in, social or political factors that may contribute to their “diseases.”

In both cases, their new books—which stress recovery and new beginnings rather than getting out of a bad situation, as their first books did—are far more pushy about accepting one’s powerlessness and surrendering one’s life to God. Beattie, for example, tells us that she overcame her problems by “trying gratitude.” She got down on her knees and “thanked God for each thing I hated about my situation. I forced it, I faked it, I pretended,” she says, and “after three or four months, things started to change.”

What’s wrong with this picture? From a political point of view, just about everything. The passivity, the giving up of one’s sense of personal agency, is the antithesis of any belief in the power of political action. Then there’s the question of race and class. It’s ironic, to say the least, that at a time when drug addiction—of the ordinary street-drug variety—is wreaking havoc in poor communities these books discuss addiction as a primarily middle-class problem. Eating disorders, gambling and overspending, relationship dependency—these are not, surely, the most serious addictions of people living in poverty and/or suffering the effects of systemic racism. They are, however, the obsessions that affect the people who buy self-help books.

Barbara Ehrenreich, in *Fear of Falling*, comments on the national hysteria over drugs. She says that they “symbolize the larger and thoroughly legal consumer culture, with its addictive appeal and

harsh consequences for those who cannot keep up. . . .” She is right, but consumerism is not the only aspect of modern life that encourages addictive needs. There is, I think, a link between the problem of street drugs and that of the more psychological, middle-class kinds of addictions the self-help books address. Whether we are heroin addicts or credit card addicts—and the differences are to some extent class-related—we all got that way in the process of growing up and trying to survive in a world that is based on impossible goals and values. It is not just consumerism that induces addictive needs. It is also the fact that we are all, whatever our milieu, taught to be competitive, acquisitive, power-hungry and controlling. But while boys strive to control nature and the public realm, for girls, alas, relationships are still the main arena for playing out power games. Thus the epidemic “addiction” to dysfunctional, unreliable men.

In my perusal of the “love addiction” shelves, I was gratified to find at least two books that seemed to address the larger social context of addictive behavior. The first, written in 1987 by Anne Wilson Schaeff, promised more than it delivered. *When Society Becomes an Addict* is an explicitly feminist analysis that is at once insightful, superficial and theoretically murky. Schaeff, to her credit, understands that the institutions of society perpetuate addictive behaviors. “The Addictive System operates out of a scarcity model,” she says at one point, “a model based on the assumption that there is not enough of anything to go around and that we had better get as much as we can while we can,” a perfect description of the 1980s mentality. Unfortunately, her gender-based explanation for why this is so is simplistic, and her suggested solutions are really silly. Schaeff sees this society as made up of three Systems: the White Male System (which she equates with the Addictive System); the Reactive Female System, which is the traditional way women have been taught to respond to the White Male System, with total compliance and a willingness to be dominated and abused; and the Emerging Female System, the sole hope for the future of the world. This system is based on theories which depict women, who are socialized to be emotionally caring and sensitive, as inherently superior leaders.

But in real life, women in power—Margaret Thatcher is the obvious example—don’t necessarily have these wonderful compassionate qualities. Since

Schaefer believes they do and will, she proposes a pie-in-the-sky mass therapy movement as a way to change the nation's power structure. Individual men—George Bush and Donald Trump, for example—should, she suggests, deal with their neurotic need for power by voluntarily “feminizing” themselves. Apparently they will be brought to such radical self-transformation by reading Schaefer's book.

The most interesting (and ultimately depressing) book I read was Stanton Peele's *Love and Addiction*. Written in 1975, it also makes connections between addictive relationships and the larger social context. Reading it was like waking up in an earlier era—it is filled with the utopian thinking about social change characteristic of the late 1960s and early 1970s. It is also extremely savvy about class and race. It is the only book I read, for example, that analyzes the differences between working-class styles of negotiating relationships and those of the middle class.

What's most impressive about this book is its political conclusions. “The

real cure for addiction,” says Peele, a social psychologist, “lies in a social change which reorients our major institutions and the types of experience we have within them . . . [for] we cannot begin to cure it in the absence of a more universal access to our society's resources, and to its political power.”

Now that 1960s nostalgia has depoliticized what the 1960s vision, at its politically healthiest, was about, this book was both unsettling and instructive. Returning to Norwood and Beattie, I was even more disturbed by their approach to the very real pain that drives so many people to destructive behavior patterns. They have helped to promote “addiction” as an explanation for personal and social problems and the Twelve-Step Program as the appropriate response. Their success challenges us to take their ideas seriously. Should we, as Beattie recommends, learn to “practice gratitude” for the unbearable circumstances of our lives? Or should we set about changing institutions and power relations? I think we know the answer. □

White Hats vs. Black Hats

LENNI BRENNER

AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL REPORT 1989. *Amnesty International Publications*. 310 pp. \$10.

Amnesty International's annuals are must reading for those concerned about global human rights. This issue contains meticulously researched chapters, running from a few paragraphs to several pages, on the condition of civil liberties, the status of political prisoners and conscientious objectors, and the number of executions in 133 countries of every ideological persuasion in 1988. Given our news media's notorious indifference to much of the world, this report is particularly important as one of the few accessible sources of information on such places as Albania, Brunei, Mali, Nepal and Suriname.

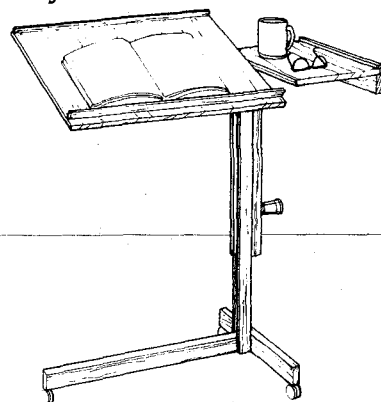
Amnesty International must be applauded for its dogged solidarity with multitudes of victims and its scholarly work on their behalf. Nevertheless, the *Report* has notable weaknesses due to

basic flaws in A.I.'s core philosophy. The organization's original focus was on “prisoners of conscience” who did not advocate or use violence. By this Procrustean standard, a historical figure like John Brown would not have qualified. Nelson Mandela, who was the world's most famous prisoner until his recent release, did not qualify because the African National Congress leader insists on the right to use violence to bring down apartheid.

Mandela was credited with a conscience until his 1964 “sabotage” conviction. Outcry at his demotion within A.I. led to an extension of the organization's scope. It now opposes detention of any prisoners who are denied trials or tortured. But even now A.I. persists in seeing nonviolent prisoners as a spiritual elite among the tyrannized and sends material aid only to them and to torture victims. Members of movements that employ physical force but who were arrested for innocuous acts get the benefit of the doubt.

But there are no Marquess of Queensberry rules that the oppressed must observe while liberating themselves. The Mandela scandal should have taught A.I. that it is offensive to continue singling out prisoners “of conscience” in South Africa or elsewhere. In many countries

Lay Down Your Arms



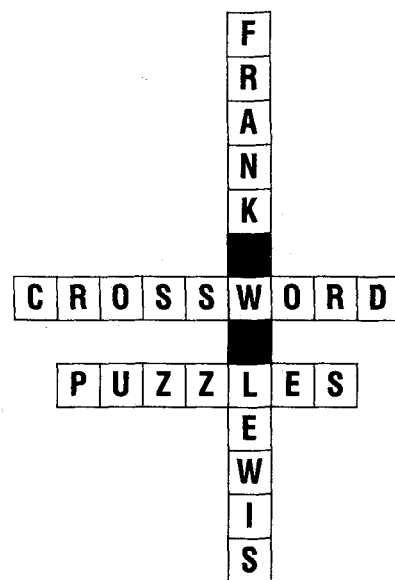
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Lenni Brenner's latest book is The Lesser Evil: The Democratic Party (Carol Publishing Group).

only naifs believe that their despot can be peacefully deposed. Sometimes such prisoners are those "moderate" oppositionists loved by the State Department—oppositionists who never hesitate to fire on the masses when they come to power. Moreover, there is an element of hypocrisy involved, since A.I. does not mandate that its members be as pacific as the prisoners it defends. Most American A.I. members no doubt go to the polls and vote for candidates who arm not a few of the murderous regimes the *Report* exposes.

Additionally, A.I.'s fixation on being nonpartisan makes most of the 133 chapters in this report as politically empty as an old Tom Mix western. The black hats—the regimes—torture the white hats, and we rarely hear what they are fighting about. Amnesty worries that if it says what everyone knows about, for example, Mobutu Sese Seko of Zaire—that he is a C.I.A. pawn—he would dismiss A.I. as partial to his domestic foes, who make the same accusation. Thus, although the *Report* is crucial for an overview of African military states, we must supplement it with information on the role of Mobutu's imperial patrons. *The New York Times* reported that the C.I.A. plane that crashed in Angola in November took off from a Zairian base, and the Israelis openly train Mobutu's presidential guards.

Amnesty never claims that its pressure has forced anyone's release. But occasionally lasting due-process reforms are made, at least in part out of solicitude for A.I.'s good opinion and that of liberals in the West. The 1988 *Report* dealt with executions and torture in Libya. The new *Report* says "about 400 political prisoners . . . were released. . . . Changes in legislation on arrest and detention, trial procedures and the treatment of prisoners were discussed or enacted. Gaddafi intervened to commute all death sentences." Torture has stopped, and an Amnesty delegate even addressed Libya's congress. There were still about ninety political prisoners in jail, but most seemed to be Islamic fanatics or military putschists.

American readers, bred on editorials portraying Israel as the "only democracy in the Middle East," will be shocked at the notion that Libya could be more humane than Israel. But facts are stubborn things. Israel can't disturb the more squeamish American Zionists by totally ignoring A.I., so the authorities listen patiently when its delegates come to Jeru-

salem, then go right on with business as usual: "Force, which is often excessive and indiscriminate . . . resulted in the death or injury of thousands, including many children. The populations of entire towns . . . were often restricted by prolonged curfews. . . . Detainees were reported to have been beaten on the way to the detention centre and during detention. . . . At least five died in suspicious circumstances. The official cause of their deaths was apparently suicide."

More commonly, with many dozens of states we read, as with Sudan, that "the organization received no response to its appeals from the government." What, after all, will A.I. do to hurt those states? Occasionally a national Amnesty branch will call a demo. But A.I. doesn't want the putative bad guy's foes to bring their signs; that would be partisan. Therefore A.I. members usually demonstrate alone or with other rights groups. Net result? Only 300—almost nobody—showed up for an October 1989 protest at the South African Embassy in Washington.

There is legitimate hesitation to fault people who are trying. Still, the need for effective solidarity with the victimized commands that we do so in a comradely manner. For openers, buy the *Report*. Talk others into getting it. If nothing else, reading it will save one from becoming another purblind camp follower of self-proclaimed national liberators. Nothing will cure you faster of lingering notions about the superior virtues of the formerly oppressed than the *Report's* chapters on ex-colonial states.

Nevertheless, we the well-intended are simply too weak now, in America, to worry overly about what might follow the downfall of any reigning dictators. Certainly there will be new atrocities in some such countries that again will compel us to cry out, as we have against Iran, arguably the most horrific executioner in the book. But if we have a mandate, it is to go always, critically but unconditionally, to the side of the oppressed. And, as Americans, we are obliged to marshal our limited numbers and focus on stopping all U.S. military aid to our client tyrants.

This approach is partisan as hell. It means telling our worthless Republicans and Democrats that we will campaign against them if they give another bloody cent to Israel or any other country that Amnesty exposes in the *Report*. Such an approach takes A.I.'s civil libertarianism out of the clouds and plants it on the solid ground of popular hostility to

the wasting of our taxes. Our pols now let Amnesty testify before Congress about other countries and then ignore its strictures. They do so knowing that Amnesty will do nothing to hurt them. But if we work as hard as Amnesty does, and if they fear that we will organize against them, it will be amazing how many dungeons will open in those countries. □

FILM.

STUART KLAWANS

Heart Condition Men Don't Leave Time of the Gypsies Black Rain

I swore I was not going to write about *Heart Condition*. To make fun of it would be like ridiculing some drunk at a party, when he's already doing the job himself; and anyway, if you go around pointing out every instance of racism and sexism in the movies, you soon devolve from a leftist into a mere scold. There are better topics to think about: the finely modulated horrors of *Black Rain*, the various things that went wrong with *Time of the Gypsies*, the handful of things that went right with *Men Don't Leave*. Life is short. There's no point in discussing *Heart Condition*.

Except that it's *horrible*. A comedy without laughs, a thriller without suspense, a morality tale without ethics, *Heart Condition* doesn't even give you the pleasure of watching something actively bad—all its faults are sins of omission, in a hundred-minute catalogue of *without*s. And the worst thing about this sodden mess of a film is that its failure to entertain connects straight with its failure to preach the simplest of lessons.

No doubt you've already heard an outline of the sermon. A lowlife white cop in Los Angeles (Bob Hoskins) has a feud with a high-style black attorney (Denzel Washington). The latter is murdered; the former suffers a heart attack. Immediately, doctors transplant the black lawyer's heart into the chest of the racist white cop, so that, a few reels later, the audience may walk out of the movie house knowing that all men are brothers. That the filmmakers were sincere in this belief I cannot doubt. Here is how James Parriott, the writer-director, explains *Heart Condition*: "It's not a conventional buddy picture. The idea was to take

two polemic [*sic*] characters and put them together. The Mooney character [Hoskins] is about insecurity and how insecurity breeds racism . . . and how you must confront it."

Now, Parriott—the veteran producer of more than a hundred episodes of *The Six Million Dollar Man*, *The Bionic Woman* and so forth—has confronted racism in *Heart Condition* by means of car chases, shootouts, music-video knock-offs, pratfalls and wisecracks and a plot about a whore with a heart of gold. In other words, he puts his faith only in the tried and true. Possessed of an eminently conventional mind, committed to teaching an unexceptionable moral and canny enough to have hired excellent but not terribly expensive actors, Parriott should have come out with a roaring, vulgar hit.

And yet, should you be unfortunate enough to see *Heart Condition*, you will notice that Bob Hoskins has unaccountably lost his charm. What had been energetic and spontaneous in him turns coarse and familiar, as though he were a lesser actor mimicking his own performance in *Who Framed Roger Rabbit*? Nor does Denzel Washington provide the self-assurance you can ordinarily expect

of him. He seems to be pushing; speeches that assert his pride—defined, of course, in terms of fine clothes and genital grandeur—sound not so much manly as querulous. Both characterizations go sour, and so, too, does the moral.

Instead of advocating racial harmony, *Heart Condition* seems to propose that black people are so well suited to serving whites that they should continue to do so from beyond the grave. They have that superior musculature, even in their internal organs; and since by nature they're too pimply to reform a gold-hearted hooker, their best course would be to donate their bodies to science and let the white guy marry the girl. Watching this diabolic preachment take shape on the screen, I began to think of *Our Mutual Friend* and Dickens's grim observation that in industrial society, death itself doesn't prevent people from being useful as commodities. But then, in *Our Mutual Friend*, that lesson is *meant* to be grotesque.

Why is it that Parriott can't deliver a message but Dickens can? The answer, I suppose, is that Dickens didn't take his own sermon all that seriously. Granted, he was able to make himself believe in a certain image of society throughout the considerable length of *Our Mutual*

Friend; and the motif of death-in-life is similar enough to others he chose that we may assume some depth of feeling underlay the writing. Still, I picture Dickens smiling at the thought of how his readers would shiver as he evoked the creepy thrill of fishing corpses out of the Thames. His mind was on the business of entertaining, whereas Parriott, poor man, actually seems to have wanted to do some good in the world.

So, too, does Paul Brickman, the director and co-author of *Men Don't Leave*. He made his name almost seven years ago with his only other picture, *Risky Business*, a movie best remembered for the scene in which Tom Cruise jumps around in his Fruit of the Looms playing air guitar. Now, to judge from *Men Don't Leave*, Brickman feels ashamed of this exuberance.

Early on in the new film, someone describes a movie that sounds suspiciously like *Risky Business*. "There were four prostitutes in it," he says defensively, "but it wasn't *about* prostitutes, it was about growing up." Brickman, apparently wanting nothing more to do with such prostitutes-and-skivvies romps, has told the press all about his period of

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soul-searching before making a second film, about how he would not lift a finger until he had come upon the screen story for *Men Don't Leave*. As written by Barbara Benedek, it had all the good taste and seriousness required for Brickman's next picture—or an Episcopal funeral.

The good news about the movie is that it gives a thorough workout to Jessica Lange, the reigning champion of the emotional aerobics circuit. Once more, she gets to play every feeling known to woman, except for religious ecstasy; and she's so good at all of them that the scriptwriters must be busy even now, working on her St. Teresa of Avila project so she can complete the set. Meanwhile, she is impersonating an unworldly housewife whose husband dies suddenly, leaving her with two sons and a mountain of debt. Forced to sell the beloved family home, she moves from the exurbs to Baltimore, where she proceeds to struggle with grief, money problems, single parenting and her affections for the very first suitor who presents himself.

The bad news, of course, is that a performance as fully alive as Lange's has been embalmed in the deadly decorum of Brickman's direction and screenplay. Had she met Tom Cruise in his shorts, the movie might have taken flight. But the purpose of Lange's long series of trials, as the script is at pains to spell out, is for her to learn. Just what she's supposed to learn is not divulged; but as a serious character in a serious movie, she has no choice but to be a better person in the end. Too bad for her. Suffering is instructive, whereas beefcake and air guitar are not; and so Brickman abandons his leading lady to education (and to a leading man who simply is not Sam Shepard). The audience, patient souls, are left to admire Bruce Surtees's photography while waiting for the happy ending.

No happy ending hangs over *Time of the Gypsies*, which is a point in favor of Emir Kusturica's new picture. This foray into ethnology and magic realism won Kusturica the Best Director award at the 1989 Cannes festival, and now, with some heavy-handed editing, is about to introduce him to American audiences. (He is known here, if at all, for his mordantly understated drama about postwar political repression, *When Father Was Away on Business*.) Set in encampments in Yugoslavia and Italy, Kusturica's new picture uses a cast of engaging gypsy

actors, speaking most of their lines in Romany, to tell a story that is at its best when it is least in the way. Physical details—the people's faces and gestures, the textures of their speech, the muck and debris of their perpetually muddy shantytown: These are the film's greatest rewards. And there are rewards as well in the element of fantasy—episodes that seem like dramatizations of the gypsies' tall tales. A gambler, outraged because his family won't pay his debts, takes revenge by hoisting their house into the air. A teenage boy, despondent because he can't marry the girl he loves, has a vision of her at the Festival of St. George, in a phantasmagoria of torches and boats and white-robed celebrants wading into a shimmering river.

This should be enough to recommend *Time of the Gypsies*. But moral seriousness afflicts filmmakers everywhere, not just in Hollywood, as you can see from the way Kusturica weighs down his movie with a road-to-ruin plot. The protagonist—the teenage visionary—must choose between the virtues of his poor but honest grandmother and the vices of Ahmed the Money King, leader of a gang of thieves, prostitutes and baby-traders. The boy falls in with the latter. Soon he forgets his sweetheart, his grandmother, his clubfooted little sister, even his beloved accordion and pet turkey. And the more Kusturica focuses on the good-versus-evil story, the less he pays attention to the way of life he had set out to record. In a reversal as disturbing as that in *Heart Condition*, he begins by depicting the gypsies with sympathy and ends by damning them. The film's final lesson is that a gypsy will steal the coins off his dead father's eyes.

Happily, there are still a few filmmakers who know how to entertain and, in so doing, say something worth hearing about the world. You can see that trick pulled off more or less successfully in *Black Rain*—not the Michael Douglas shoot-'em-up but the most recent movie by Shohei Imamura, which has now been released after playing in last fall's New York Film Festival.

Most of *Black Rain*, as its director likes to point out, consists of people sitting in a pretty house, talking quietly. The setting is a picturesque Japanese village, near wooded mountains and fields of grain and a freshly stocked carp pond. The characters are a brusquely cheerful man of middle years—the most prosperous landowner in the village—his per-

petually bustling wife and his beautiful, marriageable niece. But these scenes, though outwardly attractive, are not the parts of *Black Rain* that linger in the mind. Instead, you remember exactly those moments that the characters would like to forget: a handful of sequences recalling Hiroshima in the aftermath of its bombing.

These scenes of horror are remarkable not for being grisly—any slasher picture can outdo them in that department—but for their artifice. Imamura has re-created ground zero on a soundstage, and as his camera tracks across the tableau, you can't forget for a moment that what you see is merely a stand-in for the inexpressible. The rubble looks convincing, but it's a little too neat, like a set designer's Armageddon. The victims of the bombing are pitiable, ravaged and frightful, but they move with the deliberation of *Butoh* dancers. Perhaps, because of a recent exhibition of his films, I have Vincente Minnelli too much on my mind, but I can't help thinking that he might have staged Hiroshima in much this way, had M-G-M required it. This is movieland devastation.

And that, I think, is the strength of *Black Rain*. The present-tense scenes in that pretty, old-fashioned house are beautifully played and at times become deeply moving, as the three characters, who pretend that all is well, rot away from the inside with radiation sickness. But Imamura's foreground of artistic virtue can take place only against the background of his shameless sensationalism. Though some critics have noted that with *Black Rain* he has reconciled his frontal-assault style with the restraint of Yasujiro Ozu, it might be just as fair to say that Imamura uses the Ozu style as a false front, like the characters' pretense of normality. Imamura provides two hours of traditional, picturesque, very serious drama; and behind them lurk twenty minutes of unforgettable shocks by the unreformed, thrill-seeking director of *Vengeance Is Mine*.

Like Dickens, Imamura has his vision of the world—a moral vision at that, which he conveys with an unmistakable commitment. On the evidence of *Black Rain*, though, what he really wants, like Dickens, is to give the audience goose bumps at the thought of fishing corpses out of the river. Perhaps it seems crass to use the bombing of Hiroshima as an excuse for such entertainment. But, then again, it might seem crass to use an anti-racist theme as the excuse for car chases

and pratfalls. The makers of *Heart Condition* evidently thought so. Being less wise than Imamura, they did it the other way around and used the car chases and pratfalls as an excuse to talk about morality. And what did they get? Action scenes without excitement, slapstick without mirth and a moral the Klan could endorse. It's all a terrible waste—especially since nothing is more entertaining than racism, sexism and heart disease. If you don't believe me, just watch *Richard Pryor—Live in Concert*. □

MUSIC.

GENE SANTORO

Nat King Cole

His instantly recognizable voice attracts adjectives—velvety, silken, intimate—the way Homeric heroes trail epithets. But those words can't describe the swinging, ingratiating self-confidence laced with tenderness that colors Nat King Cole's singing. February 15 marks the twenty-fifth anniversary of Cole's death—ironically, given his dense voice—from lung cancer. Listeners who discovered him through the amiably engulfing sound of hits like "Unforgettable," "Mona Lisa" and "Ramblin' Rose" may not realize that Cole, a brilliant pop singer, was also a lot more.

In 1936, Cole, then a 19-year-old pianist, joined his bassist brother Eddie, who had toured Europe with famed bandleader Noble Sissle, to cut his first sides, collected on *From the Very Beginning* (MCA). Soon the Earl Hines-influenced keyboardist had enlarged his band to tour with the 1936 revival of Sissle and Eubie Blake's hit musical *Shuffle Along*. *Shuffle* folded when it hit L.A., and the unknown Cole gigged around solo for a while at bargain-basement prices. Then the owner of the Swanee Inn suggested Cole put together a piano-guitar-bass trio.

Forming a small independent group at the peak of the big-band era was near-heresy; forming one with that instrumentation was simply unheard-of. But not long after Cole, electric-guitar pioneer Oscar Moore and bassist Wesley Prince joined forces as King Cole and His Swingsters, soon renamed The King Cole Trio, they began blazing trails that later widened to superhighways.

Like the best of the big bands, the trio

didn't straddle the dividing line between jazz and pop; they just ignored it. Right from their earliest recording dates for radio station—use only (on Savoy Jazz's *Nat King Cole and The King Cole Trio*) they began scrambling an idiosyncratic stylistic mix that included yearning ballads and unison-vocal novelty tunes, bouncy swing, syncopations threaded with jump-r&b-like slurs and proto-bebop chord voicings and lines. Infectious and revolutionary, popular with other musicians and jazz fans, the Cole trio (with a new bassist, Johnny Miller) didn't make a real national splash until 1944, when Capitol Records released "Straighten Up and Fly Right," collected on *The Best of The Nat King Cole Trio, Volumes 1 and 2* (Capitol). (This is out of print but still possible to find, especially imported versions. And worth it!)

Cole's Hines-meets-Teddy Wilson piano, not his voice, defined the trio, but it didn't dominate or suffocate it. The group's engaging beauty comes from its essentially democratic nature on outstanding tracks like "Sweet Lorraine," "Route 66," "Gee Baby, Ain't I Good to You," "It's Only a Paper Moon" and "Body and Soul." Moore's astonishingly supple, bluesy lyricism curves and skitters around Cole's gently angular, bop-forecasting chords, and vice versa. Percussionless, they insinuate and drive, sway and circle beats with arch displacements only an outstanding drummer could imagine.

Thanks to its riveting if deceptively understated musicality, The King Cole Trio became the model for folks like Art Tatum, Oscar Peterson, Red Norvo and the Modern Jazz Quartet. Not coincidentally, it also prefigured cool jazz a decade before Miles Davis cut *Birth of the Cool*. And just as Cole's fondness for near-imploding chords, jagged spaces and lyrical lines points toward Thelonious Monk and Bill Evans, Moore's coiled solos shaping alternate melodies presage Wes Montgomery, Jim Hall and Bill Frisell. Nor was their influence limited to jazz: Via the Louis Jordan combos; Moore's own late 1940s group, the Three Blazers; and no less a fan than Ray Charles, whose early sides are distinctly Cole-derived, The King Cole Trio left its thumbprint on r&b as well.

It may seem incomprehensible now, but until "The Christmas Song" in 1946, Cole's first recording with a studio orchestra, his voice was not featured by the trio. In the group's early days, Cole was hardly an accomplished vocalist; as

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Moore explained with delicious historical irony in a 1957 *down beat* interview, "I didn't even think of Nat as a singer." The proof is in the string of female-singer auditions the trio held at its start, not to mention the countless (and unusual) unison vocals on its first recordings.

But Cole's warm rasp quickly gained both strength and confidence, as even a casual listen to *The Best of The Nat King Cole Trio* demonstrates. (More dedicated types can hunt up *Any Old Time* [Legend] for 1944-45 radio and V-disc sessions, as well as *The Forgotten Years* [Giants of Jazz], which includes 1945 transcriptions of the trio's appearances on Bing Crosby's Kraft Music Hall.) Learning from Billie Holiday (as did his only contemporary male vocal rival, Frank Sinatra), Cole avoided extravagant embellishments, opting instead for a combination of elastic rhythms and flattened melodies that approximates a conversation rather than an aria. Perhaps not surprisingly, his genius found its fullest expression in ballads, which first led him to augment the trio with strings, then go on to record with orchestrations by, among others, the same Nelson Riddle who did so much for Sinatra's flagging fortunes.

By the time "Nature Boy" topped the charts in 1948, Cole had dropped the trio and become a pop vocalist. His huge following had grown steadily after his first national hit, "Straighten Up and Fly Right." He made popular appearances and recordings with the 1944-46 Jazz at the Philharmonic tours (with Les Paul on guitar), and in 1948-49 his broad appeal made him one of the first black jazzmen to have a national radio show. By the 1950s he was internationally known, playing the supper club/concert hall circuit and getting film roles, most notably in 1958's *St. Louis Blues*, in which he portrayed W.C. Handy. In 1956-57 he became the only African-American with his own weekly TV show, which he left in protest because he couldn't sign up a national sponsor despite good ratings.

This is the period captured on three recently issued CDs. Recorded in 1956, *The Complete After Midnight Sessions* (Capitol) is a good compilation that displays Cole's still-solid piano chops. Misleadingly billed as "Nat 'King' Cole and his trio," it actually features a quartet (with Tatum-alumnus guitarist John Collins, bassist Charlie Harris and drummer Lee Young) augmented by four excellent soloists—altoist Willie Smith, trumpeter Harry (Sweets) Edison, trombonist Juan Tizol and violinist Stuff Smith.

The other two CDs follow the Cole-with-studio-orchestra pattern; to these ears at least, the accompaniment cloyes around his wonderfully direct voice. *Nat King Cole Sings for Two in Love (and More)* (Capitol) is, except for a couple of tunes like "Autumn Leaves," full of wall-of-drecky-strings blandness; *Just One of Those Things (and More)* (Capitol) at least offers, ironically, some grittier big-band charts. Despite their extended playing times, neither CD boasts the sheer-gold value of an older, more straightforward package like *The Best of Nat King Cole* (Capitol), which includes "Mona Lisa," "Sweet Lorraine," "Too Young," "Route 66" and "Ramblin' Rose"—in other words, the tunes you probably know and want to hear.

Cole's career was shot through with odd turns. But it's a sad historical irony that his most enduring and influential recordings, *The Best of the Nat King Cole Trio*, Volumes 1 and 2 and his Decca material, now owned by MCA, some of which is available on *Trio Days* (Affinity), remain out of print twenty-five years after his death. □

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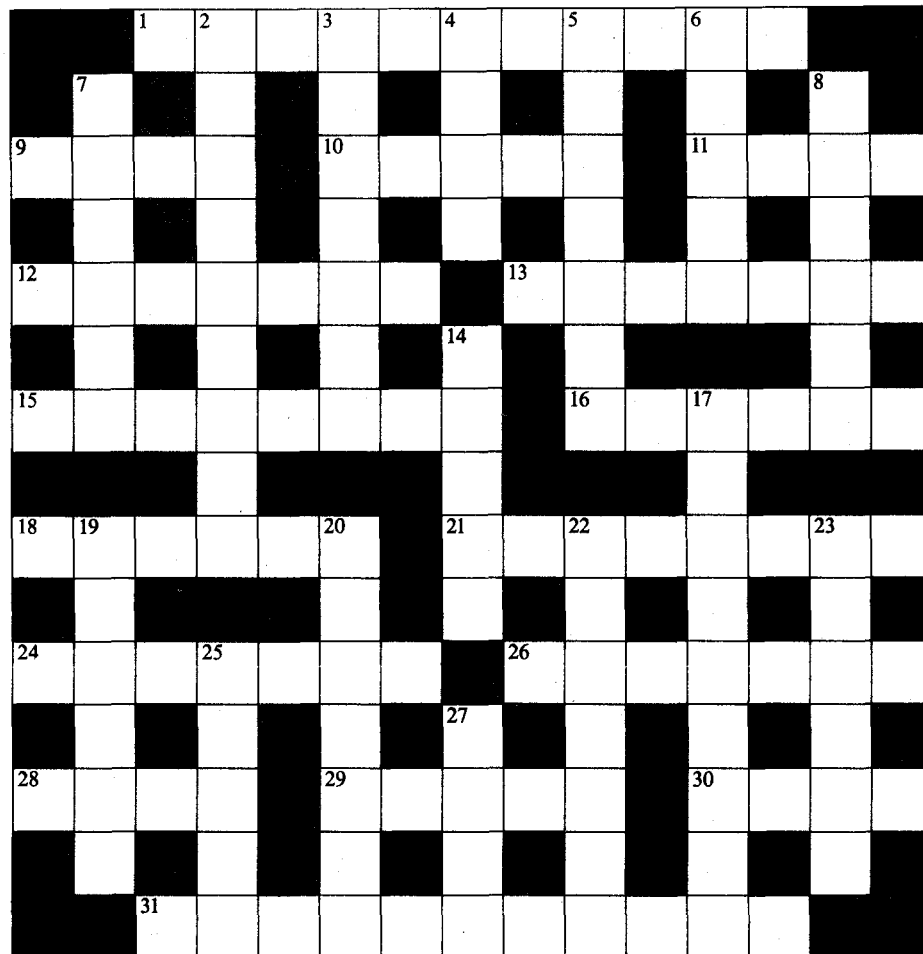
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ACROSS

- 1 The state of bridge before "My Fair Lady?" (7,4)
- 9 and 10 See 18
- 11 See 28
- 12 Something synthetic has more ply in it, evidently. (7)
- 13 Mother known to some, but what belongs to us is cooped up. (7)
- 15 Perhaps in the end, a time of deterioration of mental faculties. (8)
- 16 And rainspouts show how the water runs out! (6)
- 18, 9 and 10 Rover obviously included—in condition, demanding affection. (4,2,4,2,3)
- 21 Fouling up 16, or just dancing about? (8)
- 24 Quiet phrase, possibly? (One isn't certain when it came out!) (7)
- 26 What is taken by the foot around a certain measure of return? (Shot when small?) (7)
- 28, 29 and 11 Duck underneath for it, belonging to Mr. MacDonald? (They asked at one time how you could keep them.) (4,2,3,4)
- 30 Did one who supposedly made camping equipment have nothing to damage but himself? (4)
- 31 Possibly giving us the wind, it lasts for a week. (11)

DOWN

- 2 Is such a gas light, possibly? (9)
- 3 What Mary had with the 10 sort might be flickering. (7)
- 4 Like one of the Maja versions? (4)

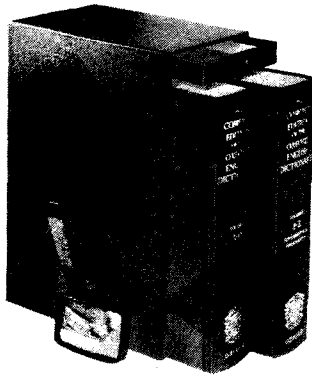
- 5 Two things with bark—or three, including this? (7)
- 6 Not quite so far, we find—it's thin and crisp. (5)
- 7 Someone like Stalin, as they say, went around the island and made merry! (6)
- 8 It could be fabulous the way it seems to act like boring times do! (6)
- 14 One should have time to look out! (5)
- 17 Taken in by heavenly bodies? (9)
- 19 His subjects weren't real German over and above this. (6)
- 20 One shouldn't do it to others in act or deed. (7)
- 22 To do so implies excessive consumption, with part of the stove reattached. (7)
- 23 We sometimes hope the kids will be when we go out, which is a pretty good idea! (3,3)
- 25 What Richard may or may not have had could be a good guess! (5)
- 27 What Turkey produces in part, Alaska already has. (4)

SEE LAST WEEK'S SOLUTION AT LEFT

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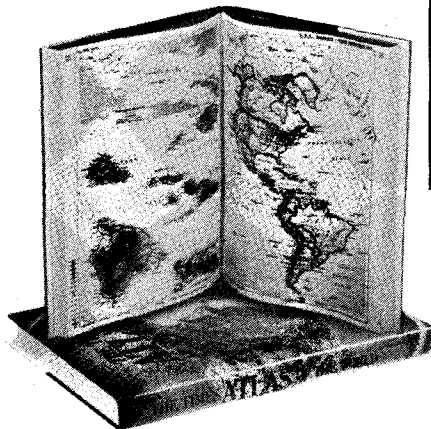
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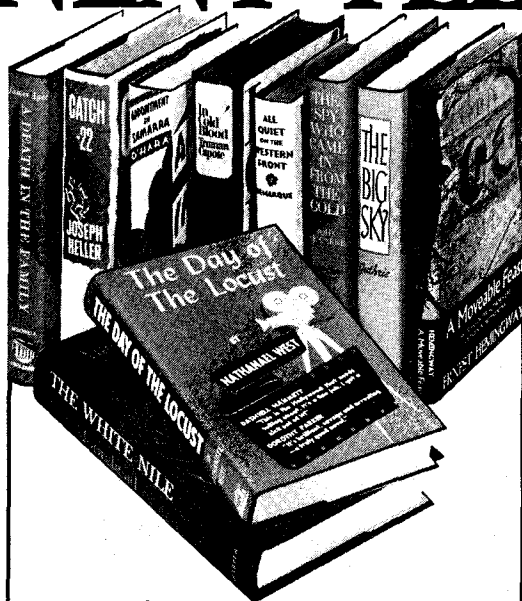
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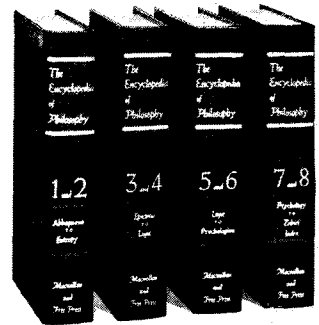
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